

THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXXIV.

WATTS, VOL. I. II.





THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded grove,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine

BRITANNICUS

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE LIFE
OF
ISAAC WATTS.

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

THE Poems of Dr. Watts were, by my recommendation, inserted in the late Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.

Isaac Watts was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, where his father, of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a shoemaker. He appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Isaac, the eldest of nine children, was given to books from his infancy; and began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, & to compose, at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinborne, a clergyman, master of the Free-school at Southampton.

to whom the gratitude of his scholar afterwards inscribed a Latin ode.

His proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University ; but he declared his resolution of taking his lot with the Dissenters. Such he was as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired, in 1690, to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-students, Mr. Hughes, the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. Some Latin Essays, supposed to have been written as exercises at this academy, show a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study.

He was, as he hints in his *Miscellanies*, a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty, and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verses to his brother, in the *glyconic* measure, written when he was seventeen, are remarkably easy and elegant. Some of his other odes are deformed by the Pindaric folly, then prevailing, and are written with such neglect of all metrical rules, as is without example among the ancients ; but his diction, though perhaps not always exactly pure, has such copiousness and splendor, as shews that he was but at a very little distance from excellence.

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His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory, by abridging them,—and, by interleaving them, to amplify one system with supplements from another.

With the congregation of his tutor, Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, Independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and spent two years in study and devotion at the house of his father, who treated him with great tenderness; and had the happiness, indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

He was then entertained by Sir John Hartopp five years, as domestic tutor to his son; and in that time particularly devoted himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, preached, the first time, on the birth-day that completed his twenty-fourth year; probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered on a new period of existence.

In about three years he succeeded Dr. Chauncey; but, soon after his entrance on his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which sunk him to such weakness, that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually; and he performed his duty, till 1712) he was seized by a fever of such violence and continuance, that from the 17th-

ness which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous state made the compassion of his friends necessary, and drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house ; where, with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct, not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards ; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition like this,—a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered, by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial ;—and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons's representation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewise to multitudes besides.

‘ Our next observation shall be made upon that
 ‘ remarkably kind Providence which brought the
 ‘ Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney’s family, and
 ‘ continued him there till his death, a period of
 ‘ no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of
 ‘ his sacred labor for the glory of God, and good
 ‘ of his generation, he is seized with a most violent
 ‘ and threatening fever, which leaves him

‘ oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop
‘ at least to his public services for four years. In
‘ this distressing season, doubly so to his active
‘ and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas
‘ Abney’s family, nor ever removes from it till
‘ he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the
‘ uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friend-
‘ ship. Here, without any care of his own, he
‘ had every thing which could contribute to the
‘ enjoyment of life, and favor the unwearied pur-
‘ suits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family,
‘ which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue,
‘ was an house of God. Here he had the privi-
‘ lege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the
‘ spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other
‘ advantages, to sooth his mind and aid his resto-
‘ ration to health; to yield him, whenever he
‘ chose them, most grateful intervals from his la-
‘ borious studies, and enable him to return to them
‘ with redoubled vigor and delight. Had it not
‘ been for this most happy event, he might, as to
‘ outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully,
‘ dragged on through many more years of lan-
‘ guor, and inability for public service, and even
‘ for profitable study; or perhaps might have sunk
‘ into his grave under the overwhelming load of
‘ infirmities in the midst of his days; and thus
‘ the church and world would have been deprived
‘ of those many excellent sermons and works,
‘ which he drew up and published during his long

' residence in this family. In a few years after
 ' his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies ;
 ' but his amiable consort survives, who shews the
 ' Doctor the same respect and friendship as before,
 ' —and mos happily for him and g-ca' numbers
 ' beades , for, as her riches were great, her ge-
 ' nerosity and munificence were in full proportion ,
 ' her thread of life was drawn out to a gr at age,
 ' even beyond that of the Doctor's , and thus this
 ' excellent man, through her kindness, and that of
 ' her daughter, the present Mrs. Elizabeth Abney,
 ' who in a like degree esteemed and honored him,
 ' enjoyed all the benefits and felicitities he experi-
 ' enced at his first entrance into this family, till
 ' his days were numbered and finished , and, like
 ' a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into
 ' the regions of perfect and immortal life and
 ' joy.'

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be
 considered that it comprises an account of six-and-
 thirty years, and those the years of Dr. Watts.

From the time of his reception into this family,
 his life was no otherwise diversified than by suc-
 cessive publications. The series of his works I am
 not able to deduce ; their number, and their va-
 riety, shew the intencness of his industry, and the
 extent of his capacity.

He was one of the first authors that taught the
 Dissenters to court attention by the graces of lan-
 guage. Whatever they had among them before,

whether of learning or acuteness, was ~~commonly~~ obscured and blunted, by coarseness and ~~inglegance~~ of style. He shewed them, that zeal and purity might be expressed, and enforced, by polished diction.

He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained, by his proper delivery, to my friend Dr. Hawksworth, who told me, that, in the art of pronunciation, he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons, but having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations; for, as no corporeal actions have any correspondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it.

At the conclusion of weighty sentences he gave time, by a short pause, for the proper impression.

To stated, and public instruction, he added familiar visits and personal application, and was careful

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to improve the opportunities, which conversation offered, of diffusing and increasing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of resentment; but, by his established and habitual practice, he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. His tenderness appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not a hundred a year; and for children he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction, adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is, perhaps, the hardest lesson that humility can teach.

As his mind was capacious, his curiosity extensive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his goodness of consent. It was not only in his book,

but in his mind, that *orthodoxy* was united with *charity*.

Of his philosophical pieces, his *Logic* has been received into the universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered that no man, who undertakes merely to *methodise* or illustrate a system, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphysical disquisitions, it was observed by the late learned Mr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of *space*, with that of *empty space*, and did not consider that though *space* might be without matter, yet matter being extended could not be without *space*.

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended.

I have mentioned his treatises of *Theology*, as distinct from his other productions, but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to *Theology*. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works: under his direction it may be truly

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said, *Theologia Philosophia ancillatur*, philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction ; it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason, is on a sudden compelled to pray.

It was, therefore, with great propriety that, in 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unsolicited diploma, by which he became a Doctor of Divinity. Academical honors would have more value, if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.

He continued many years to study, and to preach, and to do good by his instruction and example ; till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions, and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it ; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed ; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired Nov. 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth of his age.

Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are laying their first lessons, to the enlightened students of Milbranke and Locke ; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature ~~unimproved~~ ;

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he has taught the Art of Reasoning, and the Science of the Stars.

His character, therefore, must be formed from the multiplicity and diversity of his attainments, rather than from any single performance; for it would not be safe to claim for him the highest rank in any single denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different pursuits.

As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgment was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment; his imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be supplied. His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well.

His poems, on other subjects, seldom rise higher than might be expected from the amusements of a man of Letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or less labored, or as the occasion was more or less favorable to invention.

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He writes too often without regular measures, and too often in blank verse : the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expressive of characters. His lines are commonly smooth and easy, and his thoughts always religiously pure ; but who is there that, to so much piety and innocence, does not wish for a greater measure of spriteliness and vigor ? He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased ; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verses, or his prose, to imitate him in all, but his non-conformity, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.

Advertisement.

THE Reader is apprized that the publisher has, with Dr. Johnson, omitted the Psalms and Hymns composed by Dr. Watts for divine Worship : their introduction being considered, as forcing them upon those not disposed to adopt them in their devotion ; while it would throw upon readers, who had them in a separate form, a second copy too much interwoven with other subjects to be of use ; but Dr. Johnson's plan has not been followed, in excluding Dr. Watts's Miscellaneous Poetical Works ; these are retained, in order to render the present edition complete.

PREFACE.

IT has been a long complaint, of the virtuous and refined world, that poetry, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness,—that an art inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! how basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of GOD, and abused to much dishonor! the iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety, mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the GOD of Israel, when HIS ‘right hand became glorious in power, when THY right hand, O LORD, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red Sea; THOU didst blow with THY wind, the deep covered them, and they sunk as lead in the mighty waters,’ *Exod. xv.* This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by DAVID, SOLOMON, and ISAIAH, in describing the nature and the glories of GOD, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of

men. By this method, they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit ; and now and then, a divine and poetic rapture, lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven, in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of Heathenism, the Muses were devoted to the same service ; the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this :

*Pierian Muses, fam'd for heav'nly lays,
Descend, and sing the God your father's praise,*

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could bear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek, were not testifying to a nice reader.

But some of the later poets of the Pagan world, have debased his divine gift ; and many of the writers, of the first rank, in this our age of nominal Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pen, in impious mischief, to deform their native beauty and defile her honours ; they have exposed her most sacred

character to drollery, and dressed her up, in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The Vices, have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit, have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened, where Nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacies of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their MAKER, in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus, almost in vain, have the throne and the pulpit cried 'Reformation,' while the stage, and licentious poems, have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection; unthinking youth have been enticed to sin, beyond the vicious propensities of Nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes!—Was it for this, that Poetry was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity?—Was it for this she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from GOD, the original beauty, and the most lively of beings?—Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and irresistible forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the

rights of Heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men?—How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier, has set this awful scene before them, in just and flaming colors. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon on *Psalm*. cxlviii. might be addressed to them :

Ye dragons ! whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of Death,
Change your dire hissings, into heav'nly songs,
And praise your Maker, with your forked tongues.

This profanation, and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians, to imagine that poetry and vice are nearly akin, or at least, that verse, is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours,—but it is too light and trivial a method, to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit indeed to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing, a dull hymn or two, at church in tunes of equal dulness ; but still, they persuade themselves and their children, that the benefits of poetry are vain and dangerous. All that arises, a degree,

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above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of *unclean* and *abominable*. It is strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion: let me intreat them, not to indulge this sour, this censorious humor too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches: let me intreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style, and way of writing, that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the GOD of Israel, while HE marched from the field of Edom, she sets the 'earth a trembling, the 'heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve, from 'before the Lord. They fought from heaven, 'the stars in their courses fought against Sissera: 'when the river Kishon swept them away, that 'ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, 'thou hast trodden down strength,' *Judg. v. 4.* &c. When Eliphaz in the book of Job speaks his sense of the holiness of GOD, he introduces a machine in a vision; 'Fear came upon me, 'trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh 'stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but

'its form was undiscernable; an image before
 ' mine eyes, and silence; then I heard a voice
 ' saying, shall mortal man be more just than GOD?
 &c. *Job. iv.* When he describes the safety of
 the righteous he ' hides him from the scourge of
 ' the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction
 ' and famine, he brings the stones of the field into
 ' league with him, and makes the brute animals
 ' enter into a covenant of peace,' *Job. v. 21. &c.*
 When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is
 the gloom that he spreads over it! ' It is a region
 ' to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall
 ' not return; it is a land of darkness, it is a dark-
 ' ness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all
 ' confusion and disorder, and where the light is as
 ' darkness. This is my house, there have I made
 ' my bed: I have said to corruption, thou art my
 ' father, and to the worm, thou art my mother
 ' and my sister: as for my hope who shall see it?
 ' I and my hope go down together to the bars of
 ' the pit,' *Job. x. 21. and xvii. 18.* When he
 humbles himself in complainings before the al-
 mighty of GOD, what contemptible and fee-
 ble images doth he use! ' Wilt THOU break a
 ' leaf driven to and fro? Wilt THOU pursue
 ' the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten
 ' thing, a garment eaten by the moth,' *Job. xiii. 25.*
 &c. ' THOU liftest me up to the wind, THOU
 ' castest me to ride upon it, and dost vent my
 ' substance,' *Job. xiii. 29.* Can any man know

more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel head and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows, and reproaches to amazement: ‘They
 ‘ that are younger than I have me in derision,
 ‘ whose fathers, I would have disdained, to have
 ‘ set with the dogs of my flock; for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste; they cut up mallows by
 ‘ the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat:
 ‘ they were driven forth from among men, (they
 ‘ cried after them as after a thief,) to dwell in the
 ‘ cliffs of the vallies, in caves of the earth, and
 ‘ in rocks; among the bushes they brayed, under
 ‘ the nettles they were gathered together; they
 ‘ were children of fools, yea, children of base
 ‘ men; they were viler than the earth; and now
 ‘ am I their song, yea, I am their by-word,’ &c.
 Now mournful, and dejected, is the language of his own sorrows! ‘Terrors are turned upon him,
 ‘ they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare
 ‘ passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced
 ‘ within him, and his soul is poured out; he goes
 ‘ mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons,
 ‘ and a companion to owls; while his harp and
 ‘ organ, are turned into the voice of them that
 ‘ weep.’ I must transcribe one half of his holy book, if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justice, of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good

part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style; nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers,—how much more must their descriptions of **GOD** and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue! When they speak of the dwelling-place of **GOD**, ‘**HE** inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of **HIS** holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.’—When **HIS** holiness is mentioned, ‘the heavens are not clean in **HIS** sight, **HE** charges **HIS** angels with folly; **HE** looks to the moon and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before **HIS** eyes; **HE** is a jealous **GOD** and a consuming fire.’ If we speak of strength, ‘behold **HE** is strong; **HE** removes the mountains, and they know it not, **HE** overturns them in his anger; **HE** shakes the earth from her place and her pillars tremble; **HE** makes a path through the mighty waters; **HE** discovers the foundations of the world; the pillars of heaven are astonished at **HIS** reproof.’ And after all, there are but a portion of **HIS** ways; ‘The thunder of **HIS** power who can understand?’ **HIS** sovereignty,

HIS knowledge and HIS wisdom, are revealed
 to us in language vastly superior to all the poet-
 ical accounts of Heathen divinity. ' Let the pot-
 ' sherds strive with the potsherds of the earth ; but
 ' shall the clay say to HIM that fashioneth it what
 ' maketh THOU ? HE bids the heavens drop
 ' down from above, and let the skies pour down
 ' righteousness. HE commands the sun and it
 ' riseth not, and HE scaleth up the stars. It is
 ' HE that saith to the deep be dry, and HE drieth
 ' up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to
 ' hide their counsel from the LORD ; his eyes
 ' are upon all their ways : HE understands their
 ' thoughts afar off ; hell is naked before HIM,
 ' and destruction hath no covering ; HE calls out
 ' all the stars by their names ; HE frustrateth the
 ' tokens of the liars, and maketh the diviners mad ;
 ' HE turns wise men backward, and their know-
 ' ledge becomes foolish.' His transcendent emi-
 nence above all things is most nobly represented
 when HE ' sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and
 ' the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers ; all
 ' nations before HIM are as the drop of a bucket,
 ' and as the small dust of the balance ; HE takes
 ' up the isles as a very little thing ; Lebanon,
 ' with all her boasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice
 ' to this GOD, nor are all her trees sufficient for
 ' the burning. This GOD, before whom the
 ' whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than no-
 ' thing, and vanity. To which of all the Heathen

' gods then will ye compare ME, saith the LORD,
 ' and what shall I be likened to?' And to which
 of all the Heathen poets, shall we liken and com-
 pare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of
 the GODHEAD? The orators of all nations are
 as nothing before him, and their words are vanity
 and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some
 of the holy writings, where GOD is creating the
 world: how meanly, do the best of the Gentiles
 talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into
 comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself,
 a Gentile critic, cites, as a master of the sublime
 style, when he chose to use it! ' And the LORD
 ' said, let there be light, and there was light; let
 ' there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants,
 ' and animals, and Behold they are.' He com-
 manded, and they appear and obey. ' By the
 ' word of the LORD were the heavens made, and
 ' all the host of them by the breath of HIS
 ' mouth.' This is working like a GOD, with in-
 finite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of
 providence for the terror and ruin of HIS adver-
 saries, and for the succour of HIS saints, is not be-
 fore our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnifi-
 cence, and as becomes DIVINITY. ' When HE
 ' arises out of HIS place the earth trembles, the
 ' foundations of the hills are shaken, because HE
 ' is wrath; there goes a smoke up out of HIS
 ' nostrils, and fire out of HIS mouth devoureth,
 ' coals are kindled by it. His bow the heavens

‘and comes down, and darkness is under HIS feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at HIS presence.’ If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending god, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, re-form a chariot and horses for the battle or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in *chariots of salvation*. David beholds HIM riding ‘upon the heaven of heavens by HIS name JAH:—HE was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly; HE flew on wings of the wind:’ and Habakuk ‘sends the pestilence before HIM.’ Homer keeps a mighty stir with his *Ναυαλνυγυπέλα Ζεύς* and Hesiod with his Ζεύς ὀψέγραμντος. Jupiter that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the ‘clouds but the dust of HIS feet;’ and when the HIGHEST gives HIS voice in the heavens, ‘Hailstones and coals of fire follow.’ A divine poet discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of Nature; ‘AT THY rebuke, O LORD, at the blast of the breath of THY nostrils. When the HOLY ONE alighted upon Mount Sinai, HIS glory covered the heavens; HE stood and measured the earth; HE beheld, and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow; HIS wrath was everlasting.’ Then the prophet saw

' the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains
' of the land of Midian did tremble," *Hab. iii.*
Nor did the blessed SPIRIT which animated these
writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the
opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the
introduction of machines upon great occasions; the
divine license in this respect is admirable and sur-
prising, and the images are often too bold and dan-
gerous, for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr.
Dennis has made a noble essay, to discover how
much superior is inspired poesy, to the brightest
and best descriptions of a moral pen: perhaps, if
his proposal of criticism, had been encouraged and
pursued, the nation might have learnt more value
for the word of GOD, and the wits of the age,
might have been secured from the danger of deism,
while they must have been forced to confess, at
least, the divinity of all the poetical books of
Scripture, when they see a genius running through
them more than human.

Who is there now, will dare to assert, that the
doctrines of our holy faith, will not indulge or en-
dure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet*
alright us by saying

' *De la foy d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles,*
' *D' Ornaments egoyez ne sont point susceptibles ?*

But the French critic †, in his *Reflections upon*

* Bignon.

† Rapin.

Eloquence, tells us ‘that the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the theme; sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture. Let the preacher that aims at eloquence read the Prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech.’ And in my opinion this is far better counsel than Horace gives us when he says

————— ‘*Fos exemplaria Græcæ*

‘*Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna?*’

As in the conduct of my studies, with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency,—so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapsin, and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure the compasses of the following book, would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Mons. Boileau’s objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble war, have Racine and

Cornille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty, to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand,* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for and sought in vain in our own: yet I must confess that the *Davidis* and the two *Arthurs* have so far answered Boileau's objection in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy, are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted.†

It is true indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings, as beautified, or rather composed, the Heathen superstition; but this still makes for the greater ease, and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of

* *Philomela*.

† Mr Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his long poem entitled *Aline*, has more copiously related all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and eloquence, 1733. I am persuaded that every person, who desires the truth, would acknowledge the justness of this assertion.

ornament. The Book of the Revelations, seems to be a prophecy, in the form of an opera or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories : but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity, have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a Heathen song. Here, the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense, might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play ? There is nothing, amongst all the ancient fables or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the ETERNAL GOD becoming an infant of days ; the POSSESSOR of the palace of heaven, laid to sleep in a manger ; the holy JESUS, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in HIS body on the tree ; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of HIM who was GOD over all, blessed for ever ; and the SOVEREIGN of life stretching HIS arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring. The *Heaven* and the *Hell* in our divinity, are infinitely more delightful and dreadful, than the

childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe, the advantage, for touching the springs of passion, will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet: our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line make a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales, that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by Wit and Fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure,—how wondrous conquests might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it at least to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed, in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror!—the wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those, whom Heaven has endued with a gift, so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to

PREFACE.

There might in a dramatic description be some need or any reason, why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews or primitive martyrs, though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy; but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience, the sweet retiring hours and seraphical joys of devotion, the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations, the inimitable love and passion of a dying God, the awful glories of the last tribunal, the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal, and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds, these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying party of the nation to life and beauty? This, would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day, have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them, for the flames that break out in some present, and past writings, betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his

preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose, the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colors of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics, I persuade myself, that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet in his design, to diffuse virtue and allure souls to GOD. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to begin the devotion and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases, the whole composition would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervor, and the same pious flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter Odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's *Essays in Verse*, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

PREFACE.

My opinion also that the free and unconstrained numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our old psalm translators, I have not contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following compositions, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them, that poesy is not the business of my life;—and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the First Book, are many odes, which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of Hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Amongst the Songs, that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I

never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here ; and I have endeavoured to secure them all, from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of CHRIST, represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes and the softest pastoral that ever was written ? I appeal to Solomon in his Song, and his father David, in *Psalms* xlv. if David was the author^d; and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal license: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly in so nice an affair.

The Poems sacred to Virtue, &c. were formed, when the frame and humour of my soul, was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them ; and if they meet with a reader, whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy and coarseness of expression will disappear ; the sweetness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the Muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction, among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure romances, if there be no prohibition

of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought, may awaken the mind to a serious sense of GOD, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here perhaps seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion, at once, and thus by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of religion, in a grave discourse and solid reasoning; some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others, can feel no motive so powerful, as that which applies itself to their ingenuity and their polished imagination. Now, I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a compulsion of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and spirit them thence, above the vile temptations of

degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Mithras are not hard to be obtained, but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue and a friendly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps, there are some sterner readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of Love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life, represented to us in the Sacred Writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections, others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviii and cxxviii Psalms indeed on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit, to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poetry be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous poet? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a con-

mon and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world, that I have endeavored to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state, will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse, so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the loud sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless!

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Ossimire Sarbiewski of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my Song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to preserve the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies, wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks, I can allow so superior a genius, now and then, to be lavish in his imitations, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sober judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make

stonement in abundance. I wish some English pen, would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The Inscriptions to particular friends, are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers: they frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind, in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not be easily overwhelmed, by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing, especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric Odes, though they are addressed to GOD himself,

In the Poems of heroic measure, I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence; comma, and period, which blank verse glories in, as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification, when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace and with the same pauses: it spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, 'tis charming to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the Essays, without Rhyme, I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern, though he shall be for ever honored as our deliverer from the bondage. His works, contain admirable and unquested

instances, of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath: some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe, that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion, that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back as far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound, gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poetry among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them that was pleased, even to astonishment, with obsolete words and figures:

‘Attentiusque legis terræ frugiferæ.’

“So the ill-drawn postures, and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures, charm a slightly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a dis-

tempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths, to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these, the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader, to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him chuse such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song: let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none, though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition, are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up almost half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought, wants

richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take, in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again; * so that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, as id useless as the former has done. Let minds, that are better furnished for such performances, pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poetry can be made serviceable to religion and virtue, as for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labors of my station, excepting those hours, that may be employ'd in finishing my Imitation of the Psalms of David in Christian language, which I have now promised the world.†

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me; the best of them sink below the idea which I form of a

* *Naturam expelles in a locis, super recurrit.* Hor. With this spirit Mr. d'Holbach, excus'd a man who has studied nature many years, will have been all nature overcome! 1734. Johnson the 7th.

† In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of Heaven or of the Muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould; and as the name *Vates* belongs to both, so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

——— ‘*Cui mens divinior, atque os
‘ Magna sonaturum.*’———

But what Juvenal spake in his age abides true in ours; a complete poet or a prophet is such a one,

——— ‘*Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*’

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection, shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the Beast and his image, when the nations of heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps, ‘*Salvation, honor, and glory, to HIM that sits upon the throne, and to the LAMB, for ever!*’

May 14, 1709.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

WHO dares attempt th' ETERNAL NAME
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits t' obey His frown,
And heav'n attends His smile;
A wreath of lightning arms His crown,
But LOVE adorns it still,

CYRISTIAL KING! our spirits lie
Trembling beneath THY feet,
And wish and cast a longing eye
To reach THY lofty seat.

When shall we see the GREAT UNKNOWN,
And in THY presence stand?
Reveal the splendors of THY throne,
But shield us with THY hand.

In THEE what endless wonders meet!
What various glories shine!

The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If THOU unvail THY grace,
And humble awe runs thro' the skies
When wrath arrays THY face. ♫

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a GOD.

THY works, the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labors hard on all his strings,
To reach THY thoughts in vain.

Created pow'rs, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much akin to nothing we,
And THOU th' ETERNAL ALL.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty GOD ! indulge my tongue,
Nor let THY thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.

If THOU my daring flight forbld,
The Muse folds up her wings ;
Or at THY word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her slender reed, inspir'd by THEE,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on ev'ry tree,
And spreads a heav'n below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath ;
And calls th' angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her SAVIOUR's love,
And feels the rapture strong,—
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor ~~drop~~ my comforts from the lower skies ;
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' ETERNAL KING
Look thro' the clouds, and bless me with His eyes.

Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but His slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute His word, the vengeance or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from His hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep;
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep:
Old Boreas, with His freezing pow'rs
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with with'ring eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind and
dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there, (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme;
GOD has a thousand terrors in His name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of His hand,
And magazines of frost and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet His wrath,
His sharp artillery from the north

Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal
Sublime, on winter's rugged wings, [frame.
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings,
And flocks, and herds, and nations die ;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale ; and, quiv'ring at His dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot Dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd DIVINITY ;
In vain our parching palates thirst,—
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath ;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our MAKER'S rod,
'Tis at His dread command, at His imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds ! hurricanes ! and floods !
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields, and honors of the woods ;

Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
 And bury millions in the waves;
 Earthquakes, that, in midnight-sleep,
 Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our
 While you dispense your mortal harms, [graves;
 'Tis the CREATOR's voice that sounds your loud
 alarms,
 When guilt, with louder cries, provokes a GOD
 to arms.

VI.

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up !
 Some pledge of my CREATOR's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope !
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be THOU my GOD, and the whole world is mine ;
 While THOU art SOV'REIGN I'm secure ;
 I shall be rich till THOU art poor ;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, Heav'n, Earth, and
 Hell are thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy,
 Hast thou not read 'he solemn truth,
 That gray Experience ~~is~~ ^{is} youth
 On ev'ry mortal joy ?
 ' Pleasure must be dash'd with pain ;'
 And yet, with heedless haste,

The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
 Nor harkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere ;
 (Earth has no unpolluted spring ;)
 From the curs'd soil some dang'rous taint they
 bear ;
 So roses grow on thorns and honey wears a sting.

II.

In vain we seek a heav'n below the sky ;
 The world has false, but flatt'ring, charms ;
 Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
 But lessen still as they draw near the eye :
 In our embrace the visions die,
 And when we grasp the airy forms,
 We lose the pleasing dream.

III.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
 Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
 With glaring colors and false light ;
 Distance commends it to the sight
 For fools to gaze upon ;
 But bring the nauseous daubing nigh
 Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
 Dissolve the pleasure and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my soul ! pant tow'rd th' eternal hills ;
 Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem ;
 There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills ;
 There not a drop of guilt defiles,

Nor grief disturbs the stream :
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns nor honey wears a sting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
For bliss can ne'er be found,
'Till we arrive where JESUS is,
And tread on heav'nly ground.

There's nothing round these painted skies
Or round this dusty ~~clod~~,
Nothing, my soul ! that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy GOD.

'Tis heav'n on earth to taste His love,
To feel His quick'ning grace,
And all the heav'n's hope above
Is but to see His face.

Why move my years in slow delay ?
O GOD of ages ! why ?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

DEAR SOV'REIGN ! break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay ;
Take me Upr on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP silence all created things,
 And wait your MAKER's nod ;
 The Muse stands trembling while she sings
 The honors of her GOD.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on His firm decree ;
 HE sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to *be*.

Th' Almighty voice, bid ancient night
 Her endless realms resign,
 And lo ! ten thousand globes of light
 In fields of azure shine.

Now WISDOM with superior sway
 Guides the vast moving frame,
 Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
 Deep rev'rence to His name.

He spake ; the sun obedient stood
 And held the falling day,
 Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
 And disappoints the sea.

LOD of the armies of the sky,
 He marshall's all the stars ;
 Red comets lift their banners high,
 And wide proclaim His war.

Chain'd to His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' Eternal pen.

HIS providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine ;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

Here, He exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown,
Anon, the following page He turns,
And treads the monarchs down.

Not Gabriel, asks the reason why,
Nor GOD, the reason gives,
Nor dares the fav'rite-angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My GOD ! I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In THY fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name ;
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

I.

IT grieves me, **LORD** ! it grieves me sore,
 That I have liv'd to **THEE** no more,
 And wasted half my days ;
 My inward pow'r, shall burn and flame
 With zeal and passion for **THY** name ;
 I would not speak but for my **GOD**, nor move
 but to His praise,

II.

What are my eyes but aids to see
 The glories of the **DEITY**
 Inscrib'd with beams of light
 On flow'rs and stars ? **LORD** ! I behold
 The shining azure green and gold,
 But when I try to read **THY** name a dimness veils
 my sight,

III.

Mine ears are rais'd, when **Virgil** sings
 Sicilian swains or **Trojan** kings,
 And drink the music in :
 Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
 Or oaten reed awake my joys,
 And yet my heart so stupid lie, when sacred hymns
 begin ?

IV.

Change me, **O GOD** ! my flesh shall be
 An instrument of song to **THEE**,
 And **THOU** the notes inspire ;

My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
 My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
 And sweet variety of sound shall in THY praise
 conspire.

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart.
 Should it refuse to bear a part
 With my melodious breath,
 I'd tear away the vital chord,
 A bloody victim to my LORD,
 And live without that impious string, or show my
 zeal in death.

 THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

GOD, is a name my soul adores,
 Th' almighty THREE, th' Eternal ONE;
 Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs
 Confess the INFINITE UNKNOWN.

From Thy GREAT SELF Thy being springs;
 THOU art thine own original,
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficiency bears them all,

THY voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar and planets shine,
 But nothing like THYSELF appears
 Through all these spacious works of THINE.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Still restless Nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run :
THY being no succession knows,
And all THY vast designs are one.

A glance of THINE, runs through the globes,
Rules the bright world and moves their frame ;
Broad sheets of light compose THY robes ;
THY guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round THEE fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
THY presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing THY glory, or THY grace ?
Beneath THY feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of THY face.

Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but THY wisdom knows THY might,
None but THY word can speak THY name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

‘ SHEPHERDS ! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
‘ And send your flocks away,
‘ News from the region of the skies,
‘ Salvation’s born to-day.

' **Jesus**, the **GOD** whom angels fear,
' Comes down to dwell with you ;
' To-day **HE** makes His entrance here,
' But not as monarchs do.

' No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
' Nor royal shining things ;
' A manger for His cradle stands,
' And holds the **KING** of **KINGS**.

' Go, shepherds ! where the infant lies,
' And see His humble throne ;
' With tears of joy in all your eyes,
' Go, shepherds ! kiss the **SON**.'

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song ;

' Glory to **GOD** that reigns above,
' Let peace surround the earth ;
' Mortals shall know their **MAKER**'s love
' At their **REDEEMER**'s birth.'

LORD ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men, no tunes can raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise !

Glory to **GOD** that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn ;

We join to sing our MAKER's love,
For there's a SAVIOUR born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER! how wide THY glory shines!
How high THY wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim THY pow'r,
Their motives speak THY skill,
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read THY patience still.

Part of THY name divinely stands
On all THY creatures writ,
They shew the labor of THINE hands,
Or impress of THY feet.

But when we view THY strange design,
To save rebellious worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join
In their divinen forms,

Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe,
We love and we adore;
The first archangel, never saw
So much of GOD before.

Here the whole DEITY is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the FATHER's laws,
The dying SON atones:
Oh the dear myst'ries of His cross!
The triumph of His groans!

Now, the full glories of the LAMB,
Adorn the heav'nly plains,
Sweet cherubs learn EMANUEL's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE INQUIRY.

A FRENCH SONNET IMITATED, 1698,

Grand Dieu, ton jugement, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above;
How few the sparks of wrath, how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

II.

But me, vile wretch ! should pitying love embrace
 Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
 And flash, and burn me, thro' the boundless seas.

III.

Yea, LORD ! my guilt to such a vastness grown,
 Seems to confine THY choice to wrath alone,
 And calls THY pow'r to vindicate THY throne.

IV.

THINE honor bids 'avenge THY injur'd name.'
 THY slighted loves, a dreadful glory claim,
 While my moist tears might but incense the flame.

V.

Should heav'n grow black, almighty thunder roar,
 And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
 But own THY justice, dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood
 To reach a rebel pierce this sacred shroud,
 Ting'd in the vital stream of my REDEEMER'S
blood ?

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my soul, my sins depart,
 Your fatal friendship now I see ;
 Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
 Hence to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying LORD His ¹wound,
 Yet I encas'd your vip'rous blood,

And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murd'ers of my GOD.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains roll
O'er my poor breast with boding fears,
And, crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, PRINCE of GRACE !
The bloody Jews were traitors too ;
Yet THOU hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
Father, they know not what they do.'

GREAT ADVOCATE ! look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed ;
O plead the same excuse for me !
For LORD, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints ! let ev'ry groan
Be still, and silence wait His love ;
~~When~~ dwell amidst His throne,
And ~~th.~~ His inmost bowels move.

Lo ! from the everlasting skies,
Gently as morning dews distil,
The DOVE immortal, downward flies,
With peaceful olive in His bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds !
Sweet the relief, to deep distress '—
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

**A HYMN OF PRAISE
FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS,
VIZ.**

1. *FROM THE SPANISH INVASION, 1588.*
2. *FROM THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, NOV. 5, 1605.*
3. *FROM POPERY AND SLAVERY, BY KING WIL-
LIAM OF GLORIOUS MEMORY, WHO LANDED
NOV. 5, 1688.*

COMPOSED NOV. 5, 1695.

INFINITE GOD! Thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars, to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole **THY** name is known :
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise ;
Our lab'ring tongues would reach **THY** throne
With the loud triumphs of **THY** grace.

Part of **THY** church by **THY** command
Stands rais'd upon the British isles,
' There,' said the **LORD**, ' to ages stand
' Firm as the everlasting hills.'

In vain, the *Spanish* ocean roar'd,
Its billows swell'd against our shore,—
Its billows sink beneath **THY** word,
With all the floating war they bore.

'Come,' said the sons of bloody Rome,
'Let us provide new arms from hell ;'
And down they digg'd through earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old *Satan*, lent them fiery stores;
Infernal coal and sulph'rous flame,
And all that burns and all that roars,
Outrageous sires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate, and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay,
There, the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

THY love, beheld the black design,
THY love, that guards our island round ;
Strange !—how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

PART SECOND.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord ;
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath His sword.

Dark as our thoughts, our minutes roll,
While Tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers, of an Irish soul,
Ran, threat'ning death, through ev'ry town.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

The Roman priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighb'ring France,
Offer'd the service of their arms.

' 'Tis done,' they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud;
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiss'd; and Hell grew proud,
While Sion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But, lo! the great Deliv'rer sails,
Commission'd from JEHOVAH's hand,
And smiling seas and wishing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day and happy year*
Both in our new salvation meet,
The day that quench'd the burning snare,
The year† that burnt th' invading fleet.

Now did RHINE arm, O GOD of hosts,
Now did THINE arm shine dazzling bright;
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood, forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne;
There ye celestial warriors stay,
And, make his palace, like your own.

* Nov. 3, 1690.

† Nov. 5, 1690.

Then, mighty GOD ! the earth shall know,
And learn the worship of the sky ;
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their hallelujahs high.

ALL-HALLELUJAH, heav'nly KING !
While distant lands THY vict'ry sing,
And tongues their utmost pow'rs employ,—
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heav'ns my GOD retires,
My GOD, the mark of my desires,
And hides His lovely face :
When He descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it, tir'd and fainting, in th' unequal chase.

II.

Or, if I reach unusual height,
Till near His presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought :
Plung'd in a sea of light, I roll
Where Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, shines ;
Infinite rays wth crossing lines,
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm
my soul.

III.

Come to my aid ye fellow-minds,
 And help me reach the throne ;
 (What single strength in vain designs
 United force hath done :
 Thus worms may join and grasp the poles,
 Thus atoms fill the sea ;)
 But the whole race of creature souls,
 Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge,
 and are lost in THEE.

IV.

GREAT GOD ! behold my reason lies
 Adoring, yet my love would rise
 On pinions not her own :
 Faith, shall direct her humble flight,
 Through all the trackless seas of light,
 To thee th' ETERNAL-FAIR, the INFINITE,
 UNKNOWN.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where Nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sov'reign, *Death*.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
 His trophies spread around !
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now
How loathsome to the eyes !
These, are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left their dying clay ?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace ETERNITY.

O that unfathomable sea !
Those deeps without a shore !
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus, must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

There, we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flustering waves,
While, the pale carcase thoughtless lies,
Amongst the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
' These once were strong as mine appear,
' And mine must be as they.'

Thus, shall our mould'ring members teach,
What now our senses learn ;

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS. 71

For, ~~dust and ashes~~ loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then, groan'd aloud, with frightened eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profit too ;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul, now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings,
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith, almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance in light,
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now, the everlasting hills
Through ev'ry chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a pris'ner here.

The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in,
At all the gaping flaws ;
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

O ! may these walls stand tott'ring still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions thro'.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH,

Psalm cxlviii paraphrased.

PRAISE ye the LORD with joyful tongue,
Ye pow'rs that guard His throne ;
JESUS the man shall lead the song,
The GOD inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,

Sing, for He form'd you of His fire,
And feeds you with His love.

Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of His abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
Before a brighter GOD.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of Night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush, and refund the honors paid
To your inferior names ;
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By His o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear His name aloud
Through the ethereal blue,
For when His chariot is a cloud,
He makes His wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of His command,*
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand.

Shout to the LORD ye surging seas
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave recount His praise,
And shore reply to shore ;

While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker GOD,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune His name
To softer notes than these, ♫—
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds His honor raise
And climb the morning sky,
While growling beasts attempt His praise
In hoarse harmony.

Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your KING,
Through all the nations round.

THE ETERNAL NAME must fly abroad,
From Britain to Japan,—
And, the whole race, shall bow to GOD,
That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell, and burst,
 With hold impiety,
 Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
 And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath
 Consigns your souls to chains,
 By the last agonies of death,
 Sent down to fiercer pains.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
 And *all* beneath, is hell ;
 Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
 Where the old *Serpent* fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
 With strange surprise you'll find,
 Immortal vigor spring afresh
 And tortures wake the mind !

Then, you'll confess, the frightful names,
 Of plagues, you scorn'd before,
 No more shall look like idle dreams,
 Like foolish tales, no more.

Then, shall ye curse that fatal day
 (With flames upon your tongues)
 When you exchanged your souls away
 For vanity and song.

Behold, the saints *rejoice* to die,
 For heav'n shines round their heads,
 And angel-guards prepar'd to fly,
 Attend their shining beds,

Their longing spirits part ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~gild~~ ^{gild}
 To their celestial seat ;
 Above these ruinable skies
 They make their last retreat.

Hence ye Profane ! I hate your ways,
 I walk with pious souls ;
 There's a *wide* diff'rence in our race,
 And *distant* are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

I.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly Muse,
 And keep th' expecting world in awe,
 Oft, hast thou sung in gentler mood,
 The melting mercies of thy GOD,
 Now, give thy fiercest fire a loose,
 And sound His dreadful law :
 To Israel first the words were spoke,
 To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
 Inhuman bondage ! the hard galling load
 Overpress'd their feeble souls,
 Bent their knees to apostate bulls,
 And broke their ties to GOD.

VI.

Now, had they pass'd th' Arabian Bay,
 And march'd between the cleaving sea,—
 The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous
 But fell, with most impetuous force, [way,
 On the pursuing swarms,
 And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
 Blending, in war'ry death, the rider and the horse:
 O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide;
 And saw'd the labours of a pyramid:
 Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
 And all his horned gods beside,
 He swallows fate, with swimming eyes,
 And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

VII.

Ah, foolish Israel! to comply
 With Memphian idolatry,
 And bow to brutes (a stupid slave,)
 To idols impotent to save!
 Behold thy GOD, the Sov'reign of the sky,
 Has wrought salvation in the deep,
 Has bound thy foes, in iron sleep,
 And rais'd thine towers high!
 His grace forgives thy follies past;
 Behold, He comes in majesty,
 And Heals thy penitence His love;
 Prepare to meet thy GOD in haste,
 His deep arm'd ;
 Let Moses stand the hill
 The circling show.

WARR. VOL. I.

IV.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow, and unwilling, they appear;
Rails kept them from the ~~front~~ before,
Now, from the rails, their ~~front~~!

'Twas the same haughty, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of Nature stand,
And heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That ' Time shall be no more.'

y.

Thus, while the lab'ring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies and shook the ground,
Up rose th' ALMIGHTY ; round His sapphire
Adoring thrones in order fell ; [scat
The lesser pow'rs at distance dwell,
And cast their glances down successive at His feet :
Gabriel, the great, prepares His way,
• Lift up your heads, eternal doors, ' he cries ;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open and shut eternal day.
Upon the lower skies
Ere'er a mighty pillar tow'rs their head,
At their CREATOR'S BEHOLD, [appears,
And down the vast vault from the superior
A thousand and myriads in the air.

Hill's character, was a pretty cloud.
The whole burst with

The winds, in harness with the flames,
 Flew o'er th' ethereal road :
 Down through His magazines He past
 Of hail and ice, and fleecy snow, &
 Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
 Did hail and ice in melted rivers flow.
 The day was mingled with the night,,
 His feet on solid darkness trod,
 His radiant eyes proclaim'd the GOD,
 And scatter'd dreadful light ;
 He breath'd, and sulphur ran a fiery stream ;
 He spoke, and (tho' with unknown speed He came)
 Chid the slow tempest and the lagging flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd His glorious light ;
 With axle red, and glowing wheel,
 Did the wing'd chariot light,
 And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
 Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
 Lo, the gloomy peaks submerge
 The stately pyramids of fire ;
 The pyramids to heights aspire
 And mix with stars, but no star's glory
 So, have you seen wonderful joy, seen
 Round the hill-top, that six weeks past has been
 And proudly shone, as of old,
 Above in her august's great tower,
 And glory, there in our devotion of the hour.

VIII.

Peckow, young Peckow, Peckow :
 The flow'ry things that peckow say,

The little arts of simile,
 Are vain and useless here ;
 Nor, shall the burning hills of old
 With Sinai be compar'd,
 Nor all that lying Greece has told
 Or learned Rome has heard :
 Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
 Ætna, the torch of Sicily ;
 Not half so high,
 Her lightnings fly,
 Not half so loud, her thunders roar
 'Cross the Sicilian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.
 Behold the sacred hill, its trembling spire
 Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
 While all below its verdant feet,
 Stagger and reel under th' almighty weight :
 Press'd, with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load,
 Deep ground the mount ; it never bore
 INFINITY before ;
 It bow'd, and shook, beneath the burden of a GOD,

IX.

Fresh horrors seize the camp, despair
 And dying groans torment the air,
 And shrieks, and screams, and doleful wails,
 And the thunder, and the lightning's blaze,
 Spread through the host a wild amaze,
 Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face ;
 Shudder'd, and drest in woe, the cries
 ' Let Moses speak or here I die :'
 Moses, the spreading terror spoke,

No more, the man of GOD conceals
His shiv'ring and surprise ;
Yet, with recov'ring mind, commands
Silence and deep attention through the Hebrew bands.

X.

Hark ! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
Majestic sounds, break through the smoky cloud :
Sent from the ALL-CREATING tongue,—
A flight of cherubs, guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law, to the retreating crowd.

XI.

- I am the LORD ; 'tis I proclaim
- That glorious, and that fearful name,
- Thy GOD and KING ; 'twas I that broke
- Thy bondage and th' Egyptian yoke ;
- MINE, is the right to speak My will,
- And thine, the duty to fulfil.
- Adore no god beside Me to provoke Mine eye,
- Nor worship Me in shapes and forms that men
 • devise ;
- With reverence use My name, nor use My words
 • to jest ;
- Observe My Sabbath well, nor quit profane My
 rest ;
- Honour, and due obedience, to My parents give ;
- Nor spill the gushen blood, nor let thine eyes
 live ;

- Preserve thy body chaste, and fly th' unlawful bed ;
- Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his
• bread ;
- Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or deceit ;
- Nor, let thy wishes loose, upon his large estate.'



REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c,

ECCLES. XII.

CHILDREN, TO YOUR CREATOR-GOD
Your early honors pay,
While vanity, and youthful blood,
Would tempest your thoughts astray.

The memory of His mighty name,
Demands your first regard,
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame
Till you have lov'd the LORD.

Be wise, and make His favor sure
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay,

No more, the blessings of a feast,
Shall relish the banquet,
Nor be heavy our fancies the least,
And pleasure of a song.

Old Age, with all her dismal train,
 'Invades your golden years,
 With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
 And death, that never spares.

What will you do, when light departs,
 And leaves your with'ring eyes,
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
 From the superior skies?

How will you meet GOD's frowning brow,
 Or stand before His seat,
 While Nature's old supporters bow,
 Nor bear their tottering weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms,
 Shall make a strong defence,
 When death, with terrible alarms,
 Summons the pris'ner hence?

The silver bands of Nature burst,
 And let the building fall;
 The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
 Its vile original.

Laden with guilt, (a heavy load,)
 Unclean'd and unpurg'd,
 The soul returns to an angry GOD,
 To be shut out from heav'n,

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE
LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years ;

Praise the **CREATOR** of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays,
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his **MAKER**'s praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of Silence, Silver Moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon :

Arise, and to that **SOV'REIGN POW'R**,
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars who gild the skies,
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with grateful eyes,
When bus'ness, cares, and day, are gone,

Proclaim the **glories** of your **LORD**
Dispers'd through all the heavenly spheres,
Whose boundless treasures can afford,
So rich a pavement for His feet.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
 Fair palace of the court divine,
 Where with inimitable light,
 The GODHEAD, condescends to shine ;

Praise, thou, thy great Inhabitant,
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace
 On ev'ry angel ev'ry saint,
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O GOD of Glory ! GOD of love !
 THOU art the sun, that makes our days ;
 With all THY shining works above,
 Let earth and dust attempt THY praise.



THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD ! when we see a mist of THINGS, ,
 Lie, gasping out his breath,
 With longing eyes and looks divine,
 Smiling and pleas'd in death ;

How we could e'en consent, to lay
 Our limbs upon that bed !
 We ask'd THINE envoy to convey
 Our spirits in His stead.

Our souls are wing'd on the wing,
 To venture in his glow ;

For when grim Death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

JESUS ! then purge my crimes away ;
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death, its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh ! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away, these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY MAKER, GOD !
How wondrous is Thy name !

THY glories, how diffus'd abroad
Through th' creation's frame !

Nature, in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red,
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew Thy skilful hand.

The lark, mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her MAKER'S praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul, would rise and sing,
To her CREATOR too ;
Fain would my tongue, adore my King,
And pay the worship due :

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Cov'ring pride ! that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I adore,
Or praise THEE with design ;
Some of thy favours I forget,
Or think the work mine.

The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to THY cause,—
And steal the honors of THY name,
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain :
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above,
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend,
The remnant of my days,
And to my GOD, my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Duport.

I.

HAPPY the fate, that shining Truth has led,
With her own hand, to tread the path she please
To see her native heart spread
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty and all light, as, in herself, she sees.

II.

Our senses cheat us, with the pressing crowds
 Of painted shapes, they thrust upon the mind :
 The truth they shew, lies wrapt in sevenfold shrouds ;
 Our senses cast a thousand clouds
 On unenlighten'd souls, and leaves them doubly
 blind.

III.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
 And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought :
 What empty triflings, and what subtle ways,
 To fence and guard, by rule and rote !
 Our GOD, will never charge us, that we knew
 them not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly word ! O touch these curious
 souls ;
 Since I have heard but one soft hint from THEE,
 From all the vain opinions of the schools,
 (That pageantry of knowing fools,)
 I feel my pow'r's releas'd, and stand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this almighty word that all things made ;
 He grasps whole nature in His single hand ;
 All the eternal truths, in Him are laid,
 The ground of all things and their head,
 The circle where they move, and centre where
 they stand,

VI.

Without His aid, I have no sure defence
From troops of errors, that besiege me round :
But he that seats his reason and his sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmovable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

VII.

INFINITE TRUTH ! the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join THYSELF to me ;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and thus reading tires,
But never tir'd of telling THEE,
'Tis THY fair face alone, my spirit burns to see.

VIII.

Speak to my soul alone ; no other hand
Shall mark my path out, with delusive art :
All Nature silent in His presence stand,
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave His single voice to whisper to my heart.

IX.

Retire, my soul,—within thyself retire,
Away from sense, and ev'ry outward show ;
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now, on wheels of fire
May mount, and spread above, surveying all below.

X.

The LORD gives forth of His heav'nly light,
And poor white beads on such a mill as this ;
Flid from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the INFINITE,
And sees unnumber'd things, in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

I.

PRONOUNCE him bless'd, my Muse, whom
 Wisdom guides

In her own path, to her own heav'nly seat;
 Through all the storms, his soul securely glides,
 Nor can the tempests, nor the tides
 That rise and rear around, supplant his steady feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
 And seek in vain, a passage to his breast,
 Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
 He smiles, and sees them vainly try
 To lure his soul aside, from her eternal rest.

III.

Our headstrong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
 Start, and fly raging, in a violent course;
 He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
 Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
 And bids his reason bridle their licentious forces.

IV.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
 And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
 While he looks down, and pities human faults;
 Now can he think, nor can he find
 A plague, like reigning passions, and a restless mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty still to reach this height;
 To reach this, is a laboring way

What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters, rooted in the
heart!

VI.

'Tis hard to stand, when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds,
To rend and tear out this unhappy love
That clings so close about our minds,
And where, th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison
finds.

VII.

Hard, but it may be done.—Come, HEAV'NLY
FIRE,
Come to my breast, and with one pow'ful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a sinner here,
But not be shuin'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home, still I must use my wings;
Sublime, above the globe, my flight aspires:
I have a soul, was made, to pity kings
And all their little glittering things;
I have a soul, was made, for infinite desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my friends, and all that past was mine;
Nought should you fix my foot on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me and call the world my own,—
The gold that binds my brow, could enter my
soul confin'd.

X.

I am the LORD's, and JESUS is my love ;
 He, the dear GOD, shall fill my vast desire.
 My flesh *below*, yet I can dwell *above*,
 And nearer to my SAVIOUR move ;
 There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs con-
 spire.

XI.

Thus, I with angels live ; thus, half divine,
 I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys :
 Fill'd with His love, I *feel* that GOD is *mine* ;
 His glory, is my great design ;
 That, everlasting project, all my thoughts employa.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART FIRST.

ETERNAL WISDOM ! Thus we praise,
 THOU, the creation sings ;
 With THY loud name, rocks, hills, and sea,
 And heav'n's high palace rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day,
 To travel with the sun,
 With what amazement, shall I survey
 The wonders thou hast done !

Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
 How glorious to behold !

Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold !

There THOU hast bid the globes of light,
Their endless circles run,
There, the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

·PART SECOND·

DOWNWARD, I turn my wondring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

The noisy winds, stand ready there,
THY orders to obey,—
With sounding wings, they sweep the air
To make THY chariot way.

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
THY thunder shakes our coast,
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around,
At THY command, they sink and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART THIRD.

Now to the earth, I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Bless'd isles ! confess your GOD.

How did His wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green !
A thousand herbs, his art display,
A thousand flow'rs between !

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks His pasture fosta,
And herds of larger size
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

PART FOURTH.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
His guides her silver flood,
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet bears her ruler, GOD.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command ;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

Amidst THY wat'ry kingdoms LORD !
 The finny nations play,
 And scaly monsters at THY word,
 Rush thro' the Northern sea.

PART FIFTH.

THY glories blaze, all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
 Shine through the worlds abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder, GOD.

But the sweet beauties of THY grace
 Our softer passions move ;
 Pity divine, in JESUS' face,
 We see, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

I.

LORD ! when my thoughtful soul surveys
 Fire, air, and earth, and stars, and seas,
 I call them all THY slaves,—
~~Communion~~ Communion'd by my FATHER'S will,
 Ponges shall cure, or balms shall fill ;

Vernal suns or zephyrs' breath,
 May burn, or blast the plants to death,
 That sharp December saves.
 What can winds or planets boast,
 But a precarious pow'r ?
 The sun is all in darkness lost,
 Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
 When HE appoints the hour.

11.

Lo ! the Norwegians near the polar sky
 Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
 Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
 The vital flame, touch'd with a strange supply,
 Rekindles, for the GOD of life is nigh,
 HE bids the vital flood, in wanted circles flow.
 Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,
 Drinks the meridian fogs of the midnight Bore;
 And burns th' unwary stranger there.

121.

Inquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
 Look back two thousand years, and see
 Th' ASSYRIAN prince transform'd a brute,
 For boasting to be absolute :
 Once, to his court, the GOD of Israel came
 A king more absolute than he.
 I see the furnace blaz'd with rage
 Sev'nfold ; I see amidst the flames
 These Hebrews of immortal name ;
 They move, they walk amidst the burning sedge,
 Unhurt and fearless, while the tyrant staid
 A statue ; his statue'd his blood ;

Nor did the raging element dare
 Attempt their garments or their hair ;
 It knew the LORD of Nature there.
 Nature compell'd by a superior cause
 Now breaks her own eternal laws,
 Now seems to break them, and obeys
 Her sov'reign KING in diff'rent ways.
 FATHER ! how bright THY glories shine !
 How broad THY kingdom, how divine !
 Nature, and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance, are
 THINE.

IV.

Hence from my heart ye idols fly,
 Ye sounding names of vanity !
 No more my lips shall sacrifice
 To Chance and Nature, tales and lies :
 Creatures without GOD, can yield me no supplies.
 What is the sun or what the shade,
 Or frosts or flames, to kill or save ?
 His favor is my life, His lips pronounce me dead,
 And as His awful dictates bid,
 Earth, is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE,

In Imitation of the ninth Psalm.

W^HEN the ETERNAL bows the skies
 To visit earthly things,

With scorn divine, He turns his eyes,
From tow'rs of haughty kings ;

Rides on a cloud, disdainful, by
A Sultan, or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms, that rise so high,
Or frowns 'em from afar :

He bids His awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul
With pleasure in His eyes.

Why should the LORD, that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings ?
Say, LORD, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things ?

Mortals, be dumb ; what creature dares
Dispute His awful will ?
Ask no account of His affairs,
But tremble and be still.

Just like His nature, is His grace,
All sov'reign and all free ;
Great GOD ! how searchless are thy ways !
How deep THY judgments be !

THE INFINITE.

SOME scruple lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,

That I may raise a lofty song
To our ETERNAL KING.

THY names, how infinite they be !
GREAT EVERLASTING ONE !
Boundless THY might and majesty,
And unconfin'd THY throne.

THY glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large THY grace ;
Immortal day breaks from their eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

THINE essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the many hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half THY name our spirit fills
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in THEE
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast ETERNITY.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

AIAS, my aching heart !
 Here the keen torment lies ;
 It racks my waking hours with smart,
 And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more ;
 My griefs take vent space ;
 The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
 Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows, 'like a flood
 Impatient of restraint,
 Into **THY** bosom, O my **GOD** !
 Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine
 Could once defy the **LORD**,
 Could rush with violence on to sin,
 In presence of **THY** sword.

How often have I stood,
 A rebel to the skies,
 The calls, the tenders of a **GOD**,
 And Mercy's loudest cries !

He offers all his grace,
 And all his heav'n to me ;
 Offers ! but 'tis to supplest brass
 That cannot feel nor grieve.

JESUS the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks, and spreads his wounded hands,
And shows the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood !

The heav'nly DOVE came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

LORD ! I'm ashamed to say,
That I refus'd Thy DOVE,
And sent Thy SPIRIT griev'd away,
To His own realms of Love.

Not all THINE heav'nly charms,
Nor terrors of THY hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to THY command.

LORD ! 'tis against THY face
My sins like arrows see,
And yet, and yet, (O matchless grace !)
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of THY love ?

Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move ?

Now, for one pow'rful glance
Dear SAVIOUR, from THY face !
This rebel-heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath THY grace.

O'ercome by dying-love, I fall,
Here at THY cross I lie,
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

' Rise,' says the PRINCE of mercy, ' rise,'
With joy and pity in His eyes ;
' Rise, and behold My wounded veins,
' Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

' See ! My GREAT FATHER reconcil'd :'
He said : and lo ! the FATHER smil'd ;
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.



YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND
BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSAL. CXLVIII. 12.

1.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild surge of white wine

A flood of fiery vigor reigns,
 And wields your active limbs with hardy sinews
 Fall prostrate 'at th' ETERNAL throne, [strung;
 Whence your precarious pow'rs depend,
 Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
 But chuse your MAKER for your friend :
 His favor is your life, His arm is your support,
 His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
 And shoot delicious danger thence ;
 Swift the lovely lightning flies,
 And melts our reason down to sense :
 Boast not of those with'ring charms,
 That must yield their youthful grace
 To age and wrinkles, earth and worms ;
 But love the AUTHOR of your smiling face ;
 That heavenly BRIDEGROOM claims your bloom-
 O make it your perpetual care [ing hours :
 To please that everlasting FAIR ;
 His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whose diff'rent destinies
 Are wove with threads of diff'rent size ;
 But from the same spring-tide of tears,
 Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
 (A tedious train !) and date your following years ;
 Break your first silence in His praise
 Who wrought your wondrous being ;

With sounds of tend' rest accent raise
 Young honors to His name,
 And consecrate your early days
 To know the POW' R SUPREME.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
 Just marching off the mortal stage,
 Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
 As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
 Adore the hand that led your way
 Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long summer's day ;
 Gasp out your soul in praises to the Sov'reign
 Pow'r,
 That set your west so distant from your dawning
 hour.

FLYING FOWL AND CREEPING THINGS,
 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSAL, CXLVIII, 10.

I,

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
 Swift and gentle cleaves the sky,
 Whose charming notes address the spring
 With an ardent harmony ;
 Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
 And your wondrous apparatus build
 Strike your grateful strains with the dawning light ;

To Nature's **GOD**, your first devotions pay
Ere you salute the rising day ;
'Tis He calls up the sun, and gives Him ev'ry ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows glide,
And wear upon your shining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colors make ;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire ;
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold ;
That rich embroid'ry of your gay attire,
Proclaims your **MAKER** kind and wise.

III.

Insects and mites of mean degree
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by **Wisdom's** artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye ;
In your innumerable forms
Praise **HIM** that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends His lofty councils down
To despicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

INFINITE POWER! ETERNAL LORD!
How sov'reign is Thy hand!
All Nature rose t' obey **THY** word,
And moves at **THY** command.

With steady course **THY** shining sun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies
And wanders from her **GOD**!
My soul forgets her heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform **THINE** awful will,
And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree,
THY great designs fulfil:

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor **THY** commands obey;
And flesh and sense enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to **THEE**;
Creatures that never knew **THY** name,
That never lov'd like me?

GREAT GOD! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to **THINE**,
Melt down my will, and let it flow
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame, into **THY** hand,
Here, all my powers I bring,

Manage the wheels by THY command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove ;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love,

Then not the sun shall more than I
His MAKER's law perform,
Nor travel swifter thro' the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.



GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT

WHAT IS OUR GOD, or what His name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach,

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him how short they fall !
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and GOD is ALL.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at His command !
Whirlwinds and seas their limits knew,
Bound in the hollow of His hand,

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There Nature leans and feels her prop,—
But His own SELF-SUFFICIENCE bears
The weight of His own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows;
Meas'ring their changes by the moon;
No ebb His sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

Then fly, my song! an endless round;
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All Nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd; and Justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There's no atonement nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies.

- Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
- Say, what expedient can you give,
- That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

- Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
- The weighty vengeance of a GOD?
- Which of you loves our wretched race,
- Or dares to venture in our stead?

In vain we ask, for, all around
 Stands silence thro' the heav'nly ground;
 There's not a glorious MIND above,
 Has half the strength or half the love.

But O unutterable grace !
 Th' ETERNAL SON takes Adam's place;
 Down to our world the SAVIOUR flies,
 Stretches his naked arms and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the GOD,
 And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
 What unknown racks and pangs He bore !
 Then rose ; the law could ask no more.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies !
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
 Ye heav'nly cherubs ! stoop from above,
 And bow to this mysterious LOVE.

See how they bend ! see how they look !
 Long they had read th' eternal book,
 And study'd dark decrees in vain ;
 The CROSS and CALV'RY makes them plain

Now they are struck with deep amazement,
 Each with his wings conceals his face ;
 Now clap their sounding plumes and cry,
 ' The wisdom of a DEITY !'

Low, they adore th' INCARNATE SON,
 And sing the glories He hath won ;

Sing how He broke our iron chains,
How deep He sunk, how high He reigns.

Triumph and reign victorious LORD,
By all THY flaming hosts ador'd,
And say, dear CONQU'ROR ! say, how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Lo ! from afar the promis'd day,
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray !
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love ;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue
To sing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heav'n's invis' mine eye,
The stars salute me sound,
FATHER, I blush, I mourn, to lie
Thus grov'ling on the ground.

My warmer spirits surge,
And make attempts to fly,
I wish aloud for wings of LOVE
To raise me swift and high,

Beyond those crystal vaults
And all their sparkling balls ;
They're but the porches to thy courts
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world ! farewell to you,
Heav'n is my native air ;
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to ~~be~~ there.

I feel my pow'rs releas'd
From their old fleshy clod ;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my GOD.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

HE dies ! the heav'nly LOVEA dies !
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings : deep HE lies
In the cold covers of the ground !

Come saints ! and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your GOD ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of ~~his~~ blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree :
The LORD of Glory dies for men !

But lo, what sudden joys I see !
JESU'S the dead, revives again.

The rising GOD forsakes the tomb,
Up to His FATHER's court He flies,
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears ye saints ! and tell
How high our great DELIV'RER reigns ;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster DEATH in chains.

Say, ' Live for ever, wondrous KING !
' Born to redeem, and strong to save !'—
Then ask the monster ' Where's his sting ?
' And where's thy vict'ry boasting Grave ?'

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O ! THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our GOD,
Who treads the worlds beneath His feet,
And sways the nations with His nod !

He speaks ; and lo, all Nature shudders,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow ;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots His fiery arrows through !

Well, let the nations start and fly,
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare ;
 Atheists and emp'rors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
 And drown the spacious realms below,
 Yet will we sing the THUND'RER's praise,
 And send out loud hosannas thro'.

CELESTIAL KING ! Thy blazing pow'r
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys ;
 We shout to hear THY thunders roar,
 And echo to our FATHER's voice.

Thus shall the GOD our SAVIOUR come,
 And lightnings round His chariot play ;
 Ye Lightnings ! fly to make Him room,
 Ye glorious Storms ! prepare His way.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, AN ODE, ATTEMPTED
 IN ENGLISH SAPPHIC.

WHEN, the fierce North wind with his airy forces,
 Rears up the Baltic to his foaming fury ;
 And the red lightning, with a storm, of hail, comes
 Lightning and hail down ;

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd, and tremble !—
 While the hoarse thunder, like a *Bloody Trumpet*,
Roars a loud ONSET to the gaping waters,
Quick to DEVOUR them :

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things ETERNAL may be like these *Earthly*,
Such the dire terror, when the *Great Archangel*
 Shakes the Creation,

TEARS the strong pillars of the vault of HEAV'N,
 BREAKS up old marble, the repose of princes.—
 SEE—the graves open !—and the bones arising !
Flames all around 'em !

HARK ! the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
 Lively, *bright* horror, and amazing ANGUISH
 STARE thro' their eyelids,—while the LIVING
 WORM *lies*

Gawing within them.

THOUGHTS, like old *vultures*, prey upon their
 heart-strings,
 And the SMART twinges, when the eye beholds the
 LOFTY JUDGE frowning, and a flood of ven-
 geance

Rolling above HIM.

Hopkins IMMORTALS ! how they scream and
 shiver,

While *devils* push them to the pit, wide-yawning
 Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong
 Down to the centre.

STOP here, my FANCY : (all away ye horrid
 Doleful ideas :) come arise to JESUS ;
 How HE sits GODLIKE! and the saints around
 HIM

Thron'd, yet adoring !

O ! may I sit *there* when HE comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations !—then ascend to GLORY,
 While our HOSANNAS all along the passage,
 Shout the REDEEMER.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me pris'ner long,
 And I'm grown weary now ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 There's nothing here for you.

Ti'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
 And upward glance mine eyes ;
 Upward (my FATHER), to THY throne,
 And to my native skies.

There, the dear Man, my SAVIOUR, say—
 The GOD how bright HE shines !

And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

JESUS, the LORD their harps employ,
JESUS, my love, they sing;
JESUS, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds
The GODHEAD of the SON!

How on the Father's breast He lay,
The darling of His soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heav'n began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' ETERNAL GODHEAD down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred fountain of the spirit!
(The GOD resides within)

HIS flesh all pure without a stain,
HIS soul without a sin.

Then how He look'd, and how He smil'd,
What wondrous things He said !
Sweet Cherubs stay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what JESUS did.

At His command, the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays ;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round,
Where'er He turn'd His eye ;
He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound,
The hellish legions fly.

Thus, while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Thro' all the labors of His life
And wonders of His love,

In the full choir, a broken-string,
Groans with a strange surprise,—
The rest in silence mourn their ~~KING~~
That bleeds, and loves, and dies ;

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling ~~streams~~
While JESUS sleeps in death :

Then all at once, to living strains,
They summon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And shew their rising LORD.

Around, the flaming army throngs
To guard Him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conqu'ring GOD
Ascends His shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries He has won.

Now, let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too ;—
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here
And so my soul should rise :
Oh ! for some heav'nly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies !

There, ———— I love my SAVIOUR, sit,
There, ———— I have my place,
A ———— thrones, or at your feet,
So I ———— His face.

I am ———— earth no more,
But ———— above,

To bless the GOD that I adore
And sing the MAN I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEW, PRAISE YE
THE LORD.

I.

EARTH! thou great footstool of our GOD
Who reigns on high, thou faithful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food,
Our house, our parent, and our nurse,
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Dress'd with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!
While thy unwieldy weight rests on the feeble air,
E'en that **ALMIGHTY WORD** that fix'd and
holds thee there.

II.

FIRE! thou swift herald of His face,
Whose glorious rage at His command
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:
Ye heav'nly Flames that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous GOD,
Bright arrows that His sounding quivers bear
To smite death abroad;

Lightnings! adore the sov'reign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of
kings.

III.

THOU! vital element the Air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble Man, from the cold arms of
Death:

And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream, a fresh supply,
Sweet Waters, wand'ring through the flow'ry fields,
Or dropping from the sky,
Confess the POW'ER whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, nor to support our
frame.

IV.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry sea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailors' hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo! the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves;
Be still ye Floods, and know your bounds of sand;
Ye Storms, adore your MASTER'S hand;
The winds are in His fist, the waves at His command!

V.

From the eternal emptiness,
His fruitful word, by secret springs,

Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe :
OLD NOTHING knew His pow'rful hand ;
Scarce had He spoke His full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd, from empty nothing, to this beauteous
all ;
And still they dance, and still obey,
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

THE FAREWELL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark my eyes, and deaf my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize ;
Their Paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys, are over weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care,
And where's the sweet, that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?

Be gone for ever mortal things ;
Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, Heav'n, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sov'reign good ;
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

STAND and adore ! how glorious HE
That dwells in bright eternity !
We gaze and we confound our sight,
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

THOU sacred ONE, ALMIGHTY THREE,
GREAT EVERLASTING MYSTERY,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to THY tremendous name ?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin and speak the GREAT UNKNOWN ;
Attempt the song, wind up your strings
To notes untry'd and boundless things.

You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you ?

How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense original !
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an untraced strain !

GREAT GOD ! forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out THINE own eternal praise ;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky:

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

MY crimes awake ; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

Almighty Vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne ;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head ?—
Can rocks or mountains save ?—
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave ?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging GOD ?
JESUS, to Thy dear wounds I fly,—
Redeem me with Thy blood:

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin ;
Eternal justice fears no more,
And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
 That whitens ev'ry stain ;
 Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
 If sin the tyrant reign.

LORD ! blast his empire with Thy breath ,
 That cursed throne must fall :
 Ye flatt'ring plagues, that work my death,
 Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE LORD ! how fearful is His name !
 How wide is His command !
 Nature, with all her moving frame,
 Rests on His mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms His throne,
 And light His awful robe,
 Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
 He manages the globe.

A word of His almighty breath
 Can swell or sink the sea,
 Build the vast empires of the earth,
 Or break them as He please.

Adoring angels round Him fall
 In all their shining arms,
 His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
 And mixes mortal atoms.

His bowels to our worthless race
 In sweet compassion move,
 He clothes His looks with softest grace
 And takes His title Love.

Now let the LORD for ever reign
 And sway us as He will,
 Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
 We are His fav'rites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
 The tongue, no more complain,
 'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
 And love resumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

'CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
 ' That doth one wilful sin commit ;
 ' Death and damnation for the first,
 ' Without relief, and infinite.'

Thus Sinai roars, and round the garth
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance, flings
 But JESUS! Thy dear gasping breath
 And Calvary, thy gentler things.

' Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 ' Streaming along a SAVIOUR'S blood,
 ' And life, and joys, all crowns above,
 ' Dear purchas'd by a bleeding GOD.'

Hark how He prays, (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) Forgive !
And ev'ry groan and gasping wound,
Cries, ' FATHER let the rebels live.'

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there ;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross ;
SAVIOUR ! at Thy dear feet I lie,
And the keen sword that Justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS
WORLD.

[' O mens, quæ stabili sitis Regis vice,' &c. *Cæsaræ*, B. III.
Od. 28.]

I.

ETERNAL MIND ! who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
With one unchang'd decree ;
While we admire THY vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to THEE ?

II.

THOU scatter'st ~~beauteous~~ crowns and gold ;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold

The bubbles and the ore :
 So emmets struggle for a grain,
 So boys, their petty wars maintain,
 For shells upon the shore.

III.

Here, a vain man his sceptre breaks,
 The next, a broken sceptre takes,
 And warriors win and lose.
 This rolling world will never stand,
 Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
 As pow'r decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an atom : greedy swords
 Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
 And yet they can't agree :—
 Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
 I can be poor ; but, LORD, I pray
 To sit and smile with Thee.

 HAPPY FRAILTY.

‘ **H**ow meanly dwells th’ immortal mind !
 ‘ How vile these bodies are !
 ‘ Why was a clod of earth design’d
 ‘ To enclose a heavenly star !
 ‘ Weak cottage, where our souls reside !
 ‘ This flesh, a soot’ring — ;
 ‘ With frightful br — — — — —
 ‘ The building bends to fall,

' All round it storms of trouble blow,
 ' And waves of sorrow roll ;
 ' Cold waves and winter storms beat through
 ' And pain the tenant-soul.

' 'A'st' how frail our state !' said I ;
 And thus went mourning on,
 Till sudden from the cleaving sky
 A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
 And breath'd her native air ;
 Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
 And she a pris'ner here.

Strait she began to change her key,
 And joyful in her pains,
 She sung the frailty of her clay
 In pleasurable strains.

' How weak the prison's where I dwell !
 ' Flesh but a tot'ring wall ;
 ' The breaches cheerfully foretel
 ' The house must shortly fall.

' No more, my friends, shall I complain
 ' Though all my heart-strings ache ;
 ' Welcome disease, and ev'ry p'lin
 ' That makes the cottage shake.

' Now let the tempest blow all round,
 ' Now swell the surges high,

- ' And beat the house of bondage down,
' To let the stranger fly.

' I have a mansion built above
' By the ETERNAL HAND,
' And should the earth's old base move,
' My heav'nly house must stand.

' Yes, for 'tis there my SAVIOUR reigns,
' (I long to see the GOD)
' And His immortal strength sustains
' The courts that cost Him blood.'

' Hark, from on high my SAVIOUR calls ;
' I come, my LORD, my Love ;'
Devotion breaks the prison-walls
And speeds my last remove.
-

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

IT was a brave attempt ! advent'rous HE,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea :
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine ; the tempest raves ;
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Eauling on the edge of thousand gaping graves :
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gale.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION. 131

Such is the soul, that leaves this mortal land
Fearless, when the great MASTER gives command.
Death is the storm : she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft it from the shore ;
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease ;
(Her faith can govern death,—) she spreads her wings }
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings, }
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things. }
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies,—
Now vast ETERNITY fills all her sight, }
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight, }
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright. }

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long shall Death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust !

When shall the tedious night be gone ?
When will our LORD appear ?
Our fond desires would pry Him down,
Our love embrace Him here.

Let Faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar decry

How distant are His chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

Lo ! I behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the LORD of glory come
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make Him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, ' Ye dead, arise,'
And lo ! the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore Him there.

O ! may my humble spirit stand
Among them cloth'd in white !
The meanest place, at His right hand,
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning KING
Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
On His triumphant wing !

*Ad Dominum nostrum et Servatorem Jesum Christum.
Oda.*

TE, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox, Citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circuitos
Volvère, blando dum patris in sinu
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus ;

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unaque merendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes :

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes et ensem, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebus monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Senestre flammæ, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensi que amoris
Ætherum calet Igne Pectus.

• Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
• Hosti triumphos : quid patris et labor
• Dulcisque imago ? num peribunt
• Runditus ? O prius astra cæcis.

• Mergantur undis, et redent ciliis ;
• Aut ipse disperdam Satanae dolos,
• Aut ipse disperdar, et isti
• Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

• Testor paternum numen, et hoc caput
• 'Æquale testor,' dixit ; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen ; alto
Desiluitque ruens Olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque vestros, heu tenuis nimis
Nimisque viles ! vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque morti ; proh dolor ! O graves
Tonantis iræ ! O lex satis aspera !
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

Non pœna lenis ! quò ruis impotens !
Quò Musa ! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu ?

Sepone questus, licta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Pulle cœciliâ

Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensere numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirum fremebat Rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit, ' Nil agis impie,
' Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
' Hoc findet undas fulmen,' inquit,
Et paucos jaculatus igne.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbraque flammæ æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere cælo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru ; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat. ab infimis
Ictæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Hæc strata passim vincula, et hæc jacent
Unæ cruentæ, tormina meminum
Imma ; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors ubi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgis victor ab ultimo
Dona profundo, curibus avertis
Austriæ reptans mensura noctis
~~et~~ Erubet tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum ?
En qualis ardet, dum beatie
Limina scandit ovans Olympi !

Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe grex hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaqua versus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO. EPICRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Watts ? cur incola terre ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum ?
Te caro mille malus premit ; hinc juvenes gravat
artus
Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor, mentem male distrahit ;
auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut Æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
Tramitem, et aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux, et tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas seraphin officiosa cohors.
Te superùm chorus optat amans, te invitat JESUS,
' Huc ades et nostro tempora conde sinu.'
Vere amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan
arceat
Iade, nec alliciunt angelus, astra, DEUS.

EXCITATIO CORDIS CÆLUM VERSUS, 1694.

HÆU quod sæcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattæ ? quid refugis limen et exitum ?
Nec mens Æthereum culmen, et atria

Magni patris anhelitas ?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus

Cæcas insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt : Christus abest, deliciae, tunc,
Longè Christus abest, inter et angelos

Et picta astra perambulans.

* Cæli summa petas, dec jaculabitur.

Iracunda tonans fulmina : te Deus

Hortatur ; vacuum tende per æra

Pennas nunc homini datas.



BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY
COUNTRY.

Casimiro, Book 1. Ode 19. imitated.

* *Un si patris decor,* &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires ;

* *Plato Hæm. lib. 1. Ode 3.*

I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart through with a silver ray;
Upward my heart aspires; —
A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
Bright sentinels who guard my FATHER'S court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my FATHER'S chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile of the sky,
A prisoner of the ground?
Descend some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb;
A grassy turf will raise my head,—
The neighb'ring lilies dress my bed;
And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death,
My soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn:
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest,
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of
my own.

CASIMIRI EPIGRAMMA 100.

In sanctum Ardalionem, qui ex nimo Christianus factus, martyrium, passus est.

ARDALIO sacros deridet carmine ritus,
Festaque non æquâ voce theatra quatit,
Auduit Omnipotence, 'Non est opus,' inquit,
hiulco
'Fulmine; tam facilem, gratia, vince virum.'
Deserit illa polos, et deserit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ensæ caput.
'Sic, sic,' inquit, 'abit nostræ comœdia vitæ;
'Terra vale, cœlum plaude, tyranne feri.'

ENGLISHED.

ON SAINT ARDALIO, WHO FROM A STAGE-
PLAYER BECAME A CHRISTIAN, AND
SUFFERED MARTYRDOM.

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The myst'ries of our bleeding GOD profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the pained scenes.

II.

HEAV'N heard, and strut around the smoking
throne
The kindling lightning in thick flashes opens,
And vengeful thunder murrur'd to be gone.

III.

MERCY stood near,—and with a smiling brow
 Calm'd the loud thunder; 'There's no need of
 you ;
 ' Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue.'

IV.

GRACE leaves the skies, and *he* the stage forsakes ;
 He *bows* his head down to the martyring axe,
 And as he bows, this gentle farewell *speaks* ;

V.

' So goes the comedy of life away ;
 ' Vain earth adieu !—Heav'n will applaud to-day :
 ' Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play.'

WHEN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT MONT-
 PELIER WAS DEMOLISHED BY THE FRENCH
 KING'S ORDER, THE PROTESTANTS LAID
 THE STONES UP IN THEIR BURYING-PLACE,
 WHEREON A JESUIT MADE A LATIN EPI-
 GRAM,

ENGLISHED THUS.

A HUG'NOT church, once, at Montpelier built,
 Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt ;
 Too long it stood beneath Heav'n's angry frown,
 Worthy, when rising, to be thunder'd down.
 Lewis at last, th' avenger of the skies,
 Commands,—and level with the ground it lies !

The stones disper'd, their wretched offspring come,
 Gather, and heap them, on their father's tomb.
 Thus, the curs'd house, falls on the builder's head,
 And though beneath the ground their bones are
 laid,
 Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty
 dead.

THE ANSWER, BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT,
 ENGLISHED THUS.

A CHRISTIAN church, once at Montpelier stood,
 And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for GOD;
 It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
 But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
 Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
 Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage,
 Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
 (Dear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;
 The stones shall move, when the dead fathers rise,
 Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
 And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS, DEVOTION AND THE
 MUSE.

I.

WILD as the lightning, various as the rainbow
 Roves my Pindaric song;
 Here she glows like burning noon

In fiercest flames, and here she plays
 Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas ;
 Now in a smiling angel's form,
 Anon she rides upon the storm
 Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
 Are my thoughts and wishes free,
 And know no number nor degree ?
 Such is the Muse : lo ! she disdains
 The links and chains
 Measures and rules of vulgar strains,
 And o'er the laws of Harmony a sov'reign queen
 she reigns.

11.

If she roves
 By streams or groves,
 Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
 My passion keeps her still in sight,
 My passion holds an equal flight
 Through Love's or Nature's wide campaigns.
 If with bold attempt she sings
 Of the biggest mortal things,
 Tott'ring thrones and nations slain ;
 Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
 While thunders roar
 From shore to shore,
 My soul sits fast upon her wings,
 And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple plain :
 Still attend her as she flies, [ple plain :
 Round the broad globe, and all beneath she shies.

III.

But when from the meridian star
 Long streaks of glory shine,
 And heav'n invites her from afar,
 She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
 The Muse ascends the heav'nly car,
 And climbs the steepy path and means the throne
 Then she leaves my flutt'ring mind [divine.
 Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
 Lengths of distance far behind:
 Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
 Faith has wings but cannot rise,
 Cannot rise,—swift and high
 As the wing'd numbers fly,
 And faint devotion panting lies
 Half way th' ethereal hill.

IV.

O why is piety so weak,
 And yet the Muse so strong?
 When shall these hateful fetters break
 That have confin'd me long?
 Inward a glowing heat I feel,
 A spark of heav'nly day;
 But earthly vapors damp my zeal,
 And heavy flesh drags me the downward way:
 Faint are the efforts of my will,
 And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
 Shine thou sweet hour of dear release,
 Shine, from the sky,
 And call me high
 To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.

Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way ;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes ;
Or is the vision true ?
Behold Religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions vast and bright within my
spacious view.

She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away ;
I feel mine airy pow'rs loose from the cumbrous
clay,

And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.

What lengths, and heights, and depths unknown !
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars, her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere !

What heav'ns of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving Muse has been,
That greater traveller !

VI.

A long farewell to all below,
Farewel to all that sense can show,

To golden scenes, and flow'ry fields,
 To all the worlds that fancy builds,
 And all that poets know.
 Now the swift transports of the mind
 Leave the flutt'ring Muse behind,
 A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scatt'ring
 down the wind.

Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
 The rapture grows too strong ;
 The feeble pow'rs that Nature gave
 Faint and drop downward to the grave ;
 Receive their fall, thou treasurer of Death :
 I will no more demand my tongue,
 Till the gross organ well refin'd
 Can take the boundless flights of an unfetter'd
 And raise an equal song. [mind,

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to
 Divine Love.

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

WHERE'ER my flutt'ring passions rove,
 I find a lurking snare ;
 'Tis dang'rous to let loose our love
 Beneath th' ETERNAL FAIR.

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
 And partners of our blood,
 Seize a large portion of our minds,
 And leave the rest for GOD.

Nature has soft but pow'ful hands,
And reason she controls ;
While children, with their little hands,
Hang closest to our souls.

Thoughtless they act th' old Serpent's part ;
What tempting things they be !
LORD ! how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from THEE !

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make ~~our~~ fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

Dear SOV'REIGN ! break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free ;
GOD in Himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in THEE.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

COME, let me love ; or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?
I see the blessed fair ONE bend,
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies !

O ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,

That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

INFINITE GRACE ! almighty charms !
Stand in amaze ye whirling skies,—
JESUS the GOD with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

Did pity ever stoop so low
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring GOD ?

Again HE lives, and spreads His hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart ;
' By these dear wounds,' says HE, and stands
And prays to clasp me to His heart.

Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move ?
Then let me melt this heart to tears,
This heart shall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

~~There~~ are passions in my soul
 (And passions sure there be) ~~a-~~
 Now they are all at Thy control,
 My JESUS! all for THEE.

If love, that pleasing pow'r, can rest
 In hearts so hard as mine,
 Come gentle SAVIOUR to my breast,
 For all my love is THINE.

Let the gay world, with treach'rous art
 Allure my eyes in vain;
 I have convey'd away my heart,
 Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead
 To all that earth can boast;
 This soul of mine was never made
 For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above
 Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
 Till the dear LORD that hath my love
 Shall call me to His arms.

So Gabriel, at his KING's command,
 From yon' celestial hill,
 Walks downward to our worthless land,
 His soul points upward still.

He glides along my mortal things
Without a thought of love,—
Fulfil his task and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

SWEET Muse! descend and bless the shade,
And bless the ev'ning grove;
Bus'ness, noise, and day, are fled,
And ev'ry care but love.

But hence ye wanton, young, and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phillis shall infect the air
With her unhallow'd name.

JESUS has all my pow'rs possess,
My hopes, my fears, my joys;
He, the dear SOV'REIGN of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow
And hold the falling floods,

While silence sits on ev'ry bough,
And bends the list'ning woods.

We'll carve our passion on the bark,
~~And~~ ev'ry wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark,
That JESUS dy'd for *me*.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That HEAV'N itself came down and bled
'To win a mortal's love.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED

I.

HONOR to *that* diviner ray,
That first allur'd my eyes away
From ev'ry mortal fair }
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-star.

II.

Whatever speaks the GODHEAD great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet
And worthy of my passion, meet
Innumerable in my LORD.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED. 131

A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon His face ;
A thousand arrows from His eyes
Shoot thro' my heart with dear surprise,
And guard around the place.

III

All Nature's art shall never cure
The heav'nly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all Beauty's pow'r
To make another wound :
Earthly beauties grow and fade,
Nature heals the wounds she made,
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart ;
What heav'n has join'd shall never part,
And JESUS must be mine.

IV.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day
Would veil His image from my sight
Or tempt my soul away :
JESUS is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets ev'ry dream
And knows not to depart :
The passion reigns
Thro' all my veins,
And, floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds Him at my heart.

V.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love !
Here I confine my sense,
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.[†]
Amidst THY glories and THY grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass ;
Grant, thou EVERLASTING FAIR,
Grant my soul a mansion there :
My soul aspires to see THY face
Tho' life should for the vision pay ;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

THOU art my ocean, THOU my GOD,
In THEE the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and spread their pow'rs abroad.
Not all the glitt'ring things on high
Can make my heav'n if THOU remove ;
I shall be tir'd and long to die ;
Life is a pain without THY love :
Who could ever bear to be
Cur'd with immortality
Amongst the stars but far from THEE ?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

I.

NOT the rich world of Minds above,
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to CHRIST my GOD :
With pangs which none but He could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell :
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of His blood.

II.

Kindly He seiz'd me in His arms
From the false world's pernicious charms,
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At His demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at His feet.

III.

But, SAVIOUR, let me taste THY grace
With ev'ry fleeting breath,
And thro' that heav'n of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of Death ;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly ;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore and die.

The substance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

ANGELS of light! your GOD and KING sur-
With noble songs; in His exalted flesh [round
He claims your worship, while His saints on earth
Bless their REDEEMER GOD with humble
tongues.

Angels with lofty honors crown His head;
We bowing at His feet by faith may feel
His distant influence and confess His love.

Once I beheld His face when beams divine
Broke from His eyelids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise:
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cry'd, 'This is the CHRIST of
GOD!'

Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd and bow'd, adoring low, till I was
lost in Him.

While He appears no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Tho' with contempt best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon with-
drew;
I sought Him whom I lov'd, but found Him not;

I felt His absence, and with stronger cries
 Proclaim'd, 'Where JESUS is *not*, ALL is vain.'
 Whether I hold HIM with a full delight,
 Or seek HIM panting with extreme desire,
 'Tis HE alone can please my wond'ring soul ;
 To hold, or seek HIM is my only choice.
 If HE refrain, on me to cast His eye
 Down from His palace, or my longing soul
 With upward look can spy my dearest LORD
 Thro' His blue pavement, I'll behold HIM still
 With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
 All in His blood and anguish groaning deep,
 Gasping and dying there.—————

This sight I ne'er can lose ; by it I live :
 A quick'ning virtue, from His death inspir'd,
 Is life and breath to me, His flesh my food,
 His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength,

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
 Rests quick within my breast ; my vig'rous mind
 Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
 Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
 Counsels of peace betwixt th' ALMIGHTY

THREE,

Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
 In perfect union of th' ETERNAL MIND,
 With vast unmeas I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
 Infinite schemes and infinite designs
 Of GOD's own heart, in which HE ever rests.
 Eternity lies open to my view ;
 Here the beginning and the end of all

I can discover ; CHRIST the end of all,
 And CHRIST the great beginning ; HE my
 HEAD,

My GOD, my GLORY, and my ALL in ALL.

O ! that the day, the joyful day, were come
 When the first Adam from his ancient dust,
 Crown'd with new honors, shall revive, and see
 JESUS his SON and LORD,—while shouting
 saints

Surround their KING, and GOD's eternal SON
 Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
 And like HIMSELF ; then the mysterious WORD
 Long hid behind the letter shall appear
 All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
 Stand forth to public view, and there disclose
 HIS FATHER's sacred works, and wondrous
 ways ;

Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,
 Thro' all the infinite transactions past,
 Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
 Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
 Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death and the Tempter, and the Man of Sin,
 Now, as the bar-travaign'd, in judgment cast,
 Shall vex the saints no more, but perfect love
 And loudest praises perfect joy create,
 While ever-circling years maintain the blissful
 state.

LOVE ON A CROSS AND A THRONE.

NOW let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my LORD in all HIS love,
Look back to hear HIS dying cries,
Then mount and see His throne above.

See where HE languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath my sins HE groan'd and dy'd ;
See where HE sits to plead my cause,
By His almighty FATHER's side.

If I behold His bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
HE triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasures with His pains,

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqu'ror sits enthron'd,
Still in His heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorial's of His wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying GOD ?
LORD ! here I banish ev'ry foe ;
I hate the sins that cost THY blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart,
But let THINE image ever dwell,
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT FOR THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

In imitation of Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heav'nly Man, or lovely **GOD**,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in His eyes ?

The **LORD** ! the **SAVIOUR** ! yes, 'tis **HE** ;
I know **HIM** by the smiles **HE** wears ;
Dear glorious **MAN** that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears !

Lo ! **HE** reveals His shining breast ;
I own those wounds, and I adore ;
Lo ! **HE** prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs **HE** bore !

Whence flow these favors so divine ?
LORD ! why so lavish of **THY** blood ?
Why for such earthly souls as mine
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food ?

'Twas His own love that made **HIM** bleed,
That nail'd **HIM** to the cursed tree ;
'Twas His own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the **SAVIOUR**'s love,
Come faith and feed upon the **LORD** ;
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I.

I'm tir'd with visits, modes and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow-worms ;
Their conversation cloy's,
Their vain amors and empty stuff,
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of THY best company, my LORD, thou LIFE
of all my joys.

II.

When HE begins to tell His love
Thro' ev'ry vein my passions move,
The captives of His tongue :
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold nor think the
darkness long.

III.

There, while I hear my SAVIOUR-GOD
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load !)
HE bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with sacred shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt, nor grief His own, but bare
it all for me.

IV.

Next SHE describes the thorns HE wore,
And talks His bloody passion o'er,

Till I am drown'd in tears,
 Yet with the sympathetic smart
 There's a strange joy beats round my heart ;
 The curs'd tree has blessings in't, my sweetest
 balm it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious SUFFERER tell
 How on His cross HE vanquish'd hell
 And all the pow'rs beneath :
 Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
 Attempts His triumphs in a song,
 ' How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's
 thy vict'ry death ?'

VI.

But when HE shows His hands and heart,
 With those dear prints of dying smart
 HE sets my soul on fire ;
 Not the beloved JOHN could rest
 With more delight upon that breast,
 Nor THOMAS pry into those wounds with more
 intense desire.

VII.

Kindly HE opes to me HIS ear,
 And bids me pour my sorrow there,
 And tell HIM all my pains :
 Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
 In ev'ry woe HE bears a part,
 His arms embrace me, and His hand my drooping
 head sustains.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING. 161.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts all human things,
And sporting swains and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love ;—
My soul disdains *that* little snare,
The ringlets of Amira's hair :—
THINE *arms* my GOD are' sweeter *bands*, nor
can my heart remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

Sol. Song, i. 3. and ii. 5. and vi. 5.

I.

TELL me fairest of thy kind,
Tell me shepherd all divine,
Where this fainting head, reclin'd,
May be reliev'd from cares like mine.
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove ;—
If burning noon infect the sky
The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

II.

Say, thou dear SOV'REIGN of my breast,
Where dost Thou lead Thy flock to rest ?
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wand'ring all alone
Unbelov'd and unknown ?

O my great REDEEMER say,
Shall I turn my feet astray ?
Will JESUS bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love ?

III.

Ne'er had I known His dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not His heart-strings first began the tender
Nor can I bear the thought that HE [sound :
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me,
Without returns of passion for His dying wound.

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace ;
In His delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown HE kills ;
His absence is perpetual smart ;
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of His love
And feel His warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head ?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

V.

My sinking spirit feebly strive
T' endure th' ecstasy ;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING. 163

None, knows the pleasure and the pain,
That all my inward pow'rs sustain,
But, such as feel a SAVIOUR's love, and love
the GOD again.

VI.

Oh ! why should Beauty heav'nly bright,
Stoop to charm 'a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light ?
Our hearts alas ! how frail their make !
With their own weight of joy they break ;
Oh ! why is Love so strong, and Nature's self so
weak ?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies.
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense the glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear LORD ! forgive my rash complaint
And love me still
Against my froward will ;
Unveil thy beauties tho' I faint :
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more ;

Then shall I gaze with strengthen'd sight
On glories infinitely bright ;
My heart shall all be love, my JESUS all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST PRESENT OR ABSENT.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
JESUS ! THY love exceeds the rest ;
Love, the best blessing here below
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts and soft my cares
When the celestial flame I feel ;
In all my hopes and all my fears,
'There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in His embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove :
Each smile HE wears upon His face
Fixes and charms and fires my love.

He speaks, and strait immortal joys
Run thro' my ears and reach my heart ;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots thro' ev'ry part.

If HE withdraw a moment's space
He leaves a sacred pledge behind :
Here in this breast His image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of His absence I complain,
And long and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round His courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my Love,
His very name creates delight.

JESUS, my GOD! yet rather come ;
Mine eyes would dwell upon THY face ;
'Tis best to see my LORD at home,
And feel the presence of His grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles mean their loves ;
Tall shadows were for lovers made,
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes ;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

JESUS the spring of all that's bright,
The EVERLASTING FAIR,

Heav'n's ornament and Heav'n's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But ah ! how far above this grove
Does the bright charmer dwell ? *Q.*
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain I feel.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills
And near HIM vent my woes,
Yet His sweet face HE still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the Echo in her cell
That best repeats His name.

My passion breathes perpetual sigh,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound His ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO

JESUS I love : come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine ;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame
And infinitely less than THINE.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN. 141

O! if my LORD would leave the skies
Dress'd in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of His face.

How would I feast on all His charms,
Then round His lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love in all their forms
Should honor Beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
The world in vain, should bid me move,
In vain, for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then (mighty GOD!) I'd sing and say
'What empty names are crowns and kings!
'Amongst 'em give these worlds away,
'These little despicable things.'

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
I have a heav'n as bright and high
In the bless'd vision of my GOD.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

THIS pure delight without alloy,
JESUS! to bear THY name,

My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign
While Love inspires my breast,
LOVE, the divinest of the train,
The SOV'REIGN of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing
When faith and fear shall cease,—
Must sound, from ev'ry joyful string,
Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay,
Yet love refine my blood,
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my GOD.

Swift I ascend the heav'nly place
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet THY kind embrace ;
I come, O LORD, I come.

Sink down ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And Death must yield to love.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR,

OR,

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LORD! 'tis an infinite delight
To see THY lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in THY sight,
And feel THY vital rays.

This Gabriel knows, and sings THY name
With rapture on his tongue ;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And Heav'n repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds THY praise
From each eternal hill
Sweet odors of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

THY love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad ;
O 'tis a heav'n worth dying for
To see a smiling GOD !

Shew me THY face, and I'll away
From all inferior things ;
Speak LORD, and here I quit my clay
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wondrous Prophet try'd ;

'Climb up the mount,' says GOD, 'and die ;'
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly, his fainting head he lay,
Upon his MAKER's breast,
His MAKER kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In GOD's own arms, he left the breath,
That GOD's own Spirit gave :
His was the noblest road to death
And his the sweetest grave.

LONGING FOR CHRIST'S RETURN.

O 'T'WAS a mournful parting day !
'Farewell my spouse !' He said ;
(How tedious LORD is thy delay !
How long my love hath said !)

'Farewell !' at once HE left the ground
And climb'd His FATHER's sky ;
LORD ! I would tempt THY chariot down,
Or leap to THEE on high.

Round the creation wild I rove
And search the globe in vain ;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till THOU return again.

My passions fly to seek their KING
 And send their groans abroad,
 They beat the air with heavy wing
 And mourn an absent GOD.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
 My soul dissolves away :
 Dear SOV'REIGN ! whirl the seasons round
 And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS, 1694.

1.

YET, gracious GOD !
 Yet will I seek ~~thy~~ smiling face ;
 What tho' a short eclipse His beauties shroud,
 And bar the influence of His rays,
 'Tis but a morning vapor, or a summer cloud :
 He is my Sun tho' He refuse to shine ;
 Tho' for a moment He depart
 I dwell for ever on His heart,
 For ever He on mine.
 Early before the light arise
 I'll spring a thought away to GOD ;
 The passion of my heart and eyes
 Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
 A thousand glances strike the skies,
 The floor of His abode.

II.

Dear SOV'REIGN ! hear THY servant pray,
Bend the blue heav'ns, ETERNAL KING !
Downward THY cheerful graces bring,
Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my hours
away ?

Break, glorious brightness ! thro' the gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell :
But THOU my sun, and THOU my shield
Wilt save me in the bloody field ;
Break, glorious brightness ! shoot one glimm'ring
One glance of THINE creates a day, [ray,
And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times, but ah ! the times are gone,
When wond'rous pow'r, and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays :
Sin with all its ghastly train
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on ev'ry face :
Our spirits raptur'd with the sight
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hosannas sounded the REDEEMER'S
praise.

Here could I say,
 (And point the place whereon I stood)
 Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
 From my descending GOD ;
 I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
 With fruit and manna from above ;
 Divinely sweet the blessings were
 While my EMANUEL was there,
 And o'er my head
 The CONQU'ROR spread
 The banner of HIS love.

IV.

Then, why my heart, sunk down so low ?—
 Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
 And hopeless nature mourn ?
 Review my soul ! those pleasing days,
 Read His unalterable grace
 Through the displeasure of His face,
 And wait a kind return.
 A father's love may raise a frown
 To chide the child or prove the son,
 But love will ne'er destroy :
 The hour of darkness is but short ;
 Faith be thy life and patience thy support ;
 The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

WHEN shall **THY** lovely face be seen,
When shall our eyes behold our **GOD**?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly winged Time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heav'nly gates! loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest **SAVIOUR**! cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark, how **THY** saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral doom!
Come **THOU**! the soul of all our joys,
'**THOU**, the desire of nations come.

Put **THY** bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes and bless our ears,
Thou absent **LOVE**, thou dear **UNKNOWN**,
Thou **FAIREST** of ten thousand fairs.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, **LORD**, for thee,
And ev'ry limb and ev'ry joint
Stretches for immortality.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet THY flying throne ;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend THY shining chariot down.

Now, let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play
And flash along before THY wheels.

O ! for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound !
The angel-herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves and tears the ground.

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs ;
Let ev'ry sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for JESUS comes.

JESUS ! the GOD of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay ;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY

I LOVE the LORD; but ah! how far
 My thoughts from the dear object are!
 This wanton heart how wide it roves!
 And fancy, meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my GOD
 I tread the courts of His abode,
 But troops of rivals throng the place,
 And tempt me oft' before His face.

Would I enjoy my LORD alone,
 I bid my passions all be gone.
 All but my love; and charge my will
 To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
 Still new avenues to the mind,
 Till I with grief and wonder see,
 Huge crowds betwixt the LORD and me.

Oft I am told, the Muse will prove
 A friend to piety and love;
 Strait I begin some sacred song,
 And take my SAVIOUR on my tongue.

Strangely I lose His lovely face,
 To hold the empty arms in chase;
 At best the chimes divide my heart,
 And the Muse shares the larger part.

False confidant!—and falser breast!—
Fickle and fond of ev'ry guest;
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This foolish heart can leave her GOD,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad;
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down, ALMIGHTY GRACE,
Prison me round in THINE embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let THY pow'r my love confine.

Say when shall that bright moment be
That I shall live alone for THEE,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild Muse prove false no more?

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my JESUS mine,
And sit and view His smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,

Till broken vows and earthly charms
Tir'd and provok'd my heav'nly guest.

And now HE'S gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides His love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd HIM so,
Ye sins, that forc'd HIM to remove.

Break, break my heart, complain my tongue,
Hither my friends your sorrows bring,
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

But ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever HIS lovely face you see,
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan for Thee, my GOD, for Thee.

Yet, let my hope, look through my tears,
And spy afar, His rolling throne,
His chariot, through the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright BELOVED down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet HIM high,
Then the fair CONQU'OR turns His wheels
And climbs the mansion of the sky.

There, smiling joy for ever reigns;
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewel to jealousies and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

THE CONCLUSION. GOD EXALTED ABOVE
ALL PRAISE.

ETERNAL POW'R! Whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a **GOD** ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step beneath **THY** seat,
Rises too high, for Gabriel's feet,—
In vain the tall Archangel tries
To reach **THINE** height with wond'ring eyes.

THY dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

LORD! what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sun and dust to **THEE** we cry,
, The **GREAT**, the **HOLY**, and the **HIGH!**"

Earth from afar, has heard **THY** fame,
And worms have learn'd to lip **THY** name,
But **O!** the glories of **THY** mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

GOD is in heav'n and men below ;
Be short our tunes—our words be few ;—
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

TIBI SILET LAUS, O DEUS. *Psalm. lxx. 1.*

END OF VOL. I.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D

No vulgar themes thy sacred Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page
Thou in majestic numbers 'rt on the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose soft appellatives charm the crowded groves,
And Adorn thy tuneful songs with odours
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of celestial line,
For every grace of every Muse is thine

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SAMUEL JOHNSON,

1807.

IIORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOR, AND FRIEND-
SHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commiands our love, and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when WILLIAM dy'd.
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And WILLIAM's urn almost without a tear
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious
tongue

Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! the terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honors as her joys arise. }

The German Eagle feels her guardian dead;
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling Eagles hasten from afar,
And Belgia's Lion dreads the Gallic war;
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassauian hands,

Transfer their souls, and live secure ; they play
In thy mild rays and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion, whilst in various forms
Fair Piety shines through the British isles :
Here, at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils, and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands :
There, at a humble distance from the throne †.
Beauteous she lies, her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd ; yet not blushing nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade :
Cheerful and pleas'd, she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sov'reign ! endless woes arise,
And Zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety : here a solemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides but bounds our wishes : there the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes ; yet still beyond our vows
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.
Princess ! the world already owns thy name :
Go mount the chariot of immortal Fame,
Nor due to be renown'd : Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.

* The established church of England.

* 1344.

† The Protestant Dissenters.

† 1344.

The vengeance of thy rod with gen'ral joy
 Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy ; *
 Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
 And speeds his flight, not overtakes his fears
 Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
 The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
 Our angry jars at home, till Wrath submit
 Her impious banners to thy sacred feet ;
 Mad Zeal and Phrenzy with their murd'rous train
 Fly these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
 Envy expire in rage, and Treason bite the chain. }

Let no black scene afright fair Albion's stage ;
 Thy thread of life prolong our Golden Age ;
 Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
 Ethereal ; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
 Nor there unsung, for by thy awful hands
 Heav'n rules the waves, and thunders o'er the
 lands,
 Creates inferior kings† and gives them their
 commands ;) }

Legions attend thee at the radiant gates ;
 For thee thy sister-seraph, bless'd Maria waits.

But oh ! the parting stroke ! some heav'nly pow'r
 Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour ;
 Some new propitious star appear on high,
 The fairest glory of the western sky,

* The pretender.

† He made Charles, the Emperor's second son, King of Spain,
 who is now Emperor of Germany.

And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
 To check the planets of malignant ray,
 Sooth the rude north wind, and the rugged Bear,
 Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
 And reign with peaceful influence to the northern
 sphere! *

PALINODIA.

BRITONS! forgive the forward Muse
 That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
 (Unskill'd in Fate's eternal book)
 And the deep characters mistook.

GEORGE is the name, that glorious star;
 Ye saw his splendors beaming far,
 Saw in the east your joys arise,
 When ANNA sunk in western skies,—

* Note. This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honorable part of the reign of our late Queen, when she had broke the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present Emperor to the Crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different color, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former progress, and while she does the world this justice she does herself the honor of a voluntary retraction.

August 1, 1721

Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
 Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
 Portending blood and night to come.
 'Twas GEORGE diffus'd a vital ray
 And gave the dying nations day:
 His influence sooths the Russian bear,—
 Calms rising wars and heals the air;
 Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
 To scatter blessings round the world,
 Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
 And crown the work that ANNE forsook.

August 1, 1721.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ. RETIRED FROM
BUSINESS.

L.

ANGELS are made of heav'nly things,
 And light and love our souls compose,
 Their bliss within their bosom springs;
 Within their bosom flows.
 But narrow minds still make pretence
 To search the coasts of flesh and sense
 And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
 Men are akin t' ethereal forms,
 But they belie their nobler birth,
 Debase their honor down to earth,
 And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treasures of his own,
 May leave the cottage or the throne,
 May quit the globe, and dwell alone
 Within his spacious mind.

Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
 Calm as the night, bright as the day,
 There may his vast ideas play,
 Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ. (AFTERWARDS LORD
 BARRINGTON) ON MR. LOCKE'S DANGEROUS
 SICKNESS, SOME TIME AFTER HE
 HAD RETIRED TO STUDY THE SCRIPTURES.

June 1704.

I.

AND must the man of wond'rous mind,
 (Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
 Forsake our longing eyes?
 Reason at length submits to wear
 The wings of Faith, and lo, they rear
 Her chariot high, and nobly bear
 Her Prophet to the skies!

II.

Go, friend, and wait the Prophet's flight,
 Watch if his mantle chance to light,
 And seize it for thy own;

Shute is the darling of his years,
 Young Shute his better likeness bears ;
 All but his wrinkles and his hairs
 Are copy'd in his son.

III.

Thus when our follies or our faults,
 Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
 Thy pen shall make us wise ;
 The sallies of whose youthful wit
 Could pierce the British songs with light,
 Place our true int'rest* in our sight,
 And open half our eyes.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES. FRIENDSHIP,
 1702.

FRRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
 Thou sweet deluding ill !
 The brightest minute mortals find,
 And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
 Of pleasure and of pain ;
 In love, the comforts and the cares
 Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
 And drops of joy are few,

The laureate of England, written by J. S. Esq.

This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh ! why should bliss depart in haste
And friendship stay to moan ?
Why the fond passion cling so fast
When ev'ry joy is gone ?

Yet never let our hearts divide
Nor death dissolve the chain ;
For Love and Joy were once ally'd,
And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANAEI. GOULD, ESQ. AFTERWARDS
SIR NATHANAEI GOULD, 1704.

I.

"Tis not by splendor, or by state,
Exalted men, or lofty gait,
My Muse takes measure of a king :
If wealth, or height, or bulk, will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds enlav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engros'd
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,

My thoughts look inward, and forget
 The sounding names of high and great,
 The flatt'ries of the crowd.

II.

When Gould commands his ships to run
 And search the traffic of the sea,
 His feet o'ertakes the falling day,
 And bears the western mines away,
 Or richer spices from the rising sun :
 While the glad tenants of the shore,
 Shout and pronounce him senator,*
 Yet still the man's the same ;
 For well the happy merchant knows,
 The soul with treasure never-grows
 Nor swells with airy fame.

III.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
 To rise above the mean control
 Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd ;
 This is ambition that becomes a soul.
 We steer our course up through the skies,—
 Farewel this barren land ;
 We ken the heav'nly shore with longing eyes,
 There, the dear wealth of spirits lies,
 And beck'ning angels stand.

* Member of Parliament for a port in Sumatra.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

THE LIFE OF SOULS, 1704.

I.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
 We hasten to the dead,
 Slaves to the wind we puff away,
 And to the ground we tread.
 'Tis air, that lends us life, when first
 The vital bellows heave ;
 Our flesh we borrow of the dust ;
 And when a mother's care has nurs'd
 The babe to manly size, we must
 With usury pay the grave.

II.

Rich julaps drawn from precious ore
 Still tend the dying flame ;
 And plants, and roots, of barb'rous name,
 Torn from the Indian shore.
 Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
 Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
 When bark and steel play well their game
 To save our stinking breath,
 And Gibson, with his awful pow'r,
 Rescues the poor precarious hour
 From the demands of Death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
 And drugs, and recipes, and forms,

Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
A despicable prey ;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on Heav'n alone ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to *Be*.

IV.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins ;
I feel the inward pulse beat high,
With vig'rous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds ;
Gibson ! the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ ;
When Heav'n shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The bus'ness or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the west
 Meet, and conspire to make him great.
 I know thy better thoughts, I know
 Thy reason, can't descend so low.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
 And proudly poizing what he weighs,
 In his own scale he fondly lays
 Huge heaps of shining ore :
 He spreads the balance wide to hold
 His manors and his farms,
 And cheats the beam with loads of gold
 He hugs between his arms.
 So might the ploughboy climb a tree,
 When Cæsar mounts his throne,
 And both stand up, and smile to see
 How long their shadow's grown :
 Alas ! how vain their fancies be
 To think that shape their own !

III.

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
 Cræsus, Himself can never know ;
 His true dimensions, and his weight,
 Are far inferior to their show.
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measur'd by my soul :
 The mind's, the standard of the man.

 TO SARISSA. AN EPISTLE.

BEAR up, SARISSA, through the ruffling storms
 Of a vain vexing world ; tread down the cares,
 Those rugged thorns, that lie across the road,
 Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
 She sings experienc'd truth : this briny dew,
 This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
 We travel through a desert, and our feet
 Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
 A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
 Well 'scap'd. Adieu ye horrors of the dark,
 Ye finish'd labors and ye tedious toils
 Of days and hours : the twinge of real smart
 And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
 Vanish together ; be alike forgot,
 For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
 That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds

On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reign'd
O'er half the world, then ye beheld our tears.
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while, with your beamy horns
Or richer orb, ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are
gone

Are gone for ever,—and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes! still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight; the sailors safe,
Look far astern, till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boist'rous joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion, bury'd deep in night;
Lose them Sarsia, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of Fate's immortal now divides the *past*
From all the *future* with eternal bars,
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; ev'ry grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number, ev'ry pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive

At life's sweet period. O celestial point !
That ends this mortal story.—

But if a glimpse of light, with flatt'ring ray,
Breaks through the clouds of life, or, wand'ring fire
Amidst the shades, invite your doubtful feet ;
Beware the dancing meteor ;—faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death !
Should vicious Pleasure take an angel-form,
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treach'rous to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof ; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze : the just delight,
That heav'n indulges, lawful, must obey
Superior pow'rs, nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dang'rous size : if it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart ; still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better born affections ; leave the globe,
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O ! there are gardens of th' immortal kind,
That crown the heav'nly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets ; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs ;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss,
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent :
Hold fast the golden chain * let down from heav'n,

* The gospel.

'Twill help your feet and wings: I feel its force
 Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
 It guides the way unerring; happy clue
 Through this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest
 work
 All join'd by Pow'r divine, and ev'ry link is love.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY. PARADISE, 1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
 Nor will I know th' applauses of the age:
 Farewel to growing fame. I leave below
 A life not half worn out with cares,
 Or agonies, or years;
 I leave my country all in tears,
 But Heav'n demands me upward, and I dare to go.
 Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
 The remnant of my days,
 If ye have patience, and can bear
 A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the
 race.

II.

Hark! my fair guardian chides my stay,
 And waves his golden rod;
 'Angel, I come, lead on the way.'
 And now by swift degrees
 I sail aloft through azure seas,
 Now tread the Milky road.

Farewel ye planets in your spheres,
And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
In haste for Paradise,
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all th' ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

III.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul! and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying Musae,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here; here may thy sight
Drink to the rays of primogenial light,—
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign,
The laws forbid the stranger, pain,
And banish ev'ry care.

IV.

See! how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.

There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
 Nor sin, nor death infects the fruit,
 Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
 And springs from ev'ry root:
 Here may thy greedy senses feast,
 While ecstasy and health attends on ev'ry taste.
 With the fair prospect charm'd, I stood,
 Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
 And drink profuse SALVATION from the silver
 Nor can excess be there. [flood,

V.

In sacred order rang'd along
 Saints, new releas'd by death,
 Join the bold seraphs' warbling breath,
 And aid th' immortal song:
 Each has a voice that tunes his strings
 To mighty sounds and mighty things,
 Things of everlasting weight,
 Sounds like the softer viol sweet,
 And like the trumpet strong.
 Divine attention held my soul;
 I was all ear;
 Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll:
 I long'd and wish'd my Bradb'ry there:
 'Could he but hear these notes,' I said,
 'His tuneful soul would never bear
 'The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
 'But burst the vital chords, to reach the happy
 dead.

VI.

And now my tongue prepares to join
 The harmony, and with a noble aim
 Attempts th' UNUTTERABLE NAME,
 But faints, confounded by the notes divine.
 Again my soul th' unequal honor sought,
 Again her utmost force she brought,
 And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy
 Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice ; [thought.
 Th' immortal labors stain'd my feeble frame,
 Broke the bright vision and dissolv'd the dream ;
 I sunk at once, and lost the skies :—
 In vain I sought the scenes of light,
 Rolling abroad my longing eyes,—
 For all around 'em stood my curtains and the night.

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'm borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
 I sail upon a morning cloud
 Skirted with dawning gold ;
 Mine eyes beneath the op'ning day
 Command the globe with wide survey,
 Where ants in busy millions play
 And rug and heave the mould.

II.

• Are these the things, my Passion cry'd,
 • That we call Men ? are these ally'd

- ' To the fair worlds of light ?
- ' They've ras'd out their MAKER's name
- ' Grav'n on their minds, with pointed flame,
- ' In strokes divinely bright.

III.

- ' Wretches ! they hate their native skies ;
- ' If an ethereal thought arise
- ' Or spark of virtue shine,
- ' With cruel force they damp its plumes,
- ' Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
- ' With bus'ness, lust, or wine.

IV.

- ' Lo ! how they throng with panting breath
- ' The broad descending road,
- ' That leads unerring down to death,
- ' Nor miss the dark abode.'

Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward and pursue
Th' unbeaten way to GOD.

V.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar ;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star ;
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go ;
They soar beyond my lab'ring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below.

TO MR. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

On heav'n, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their GOD ;
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and thro' the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew ;
' Mark,' said he, ' that happy pair,
' Marriage helps devotion there :
' When kindred minds their GOD pursue
' They break with double vigor thro'
' The dull incumbent air.'
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise
My soul adores, and sings
' Bless'd be the Pow'r that springs their flight,
' That streaks their path with heav'nly light,
' That turns their love to sacrifice,
' And joins their zeal for wings !'

TO MR. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young gen'rous pair !
Despise the joys that fools pursue ;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a standard bold and just,
Honor, and gold, and paint, and dust,
How vile the last is, and as vain the first !

Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought !
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death ;
The soul's the only thing we have,
Worth an important thought.

11.

The soul ! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Out-lives the mould'ring corpse, and leaves the
In limbs of clay tho' she appears, [globe behind.
Array'd in rosy skin and deck'd with cars and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise ;
There's nothing in her frame, kin to the dress she
From all the laws of matter free, [wears :
From all we feel and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

112.

Rise then my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die :
Lo ! on an awful throne
Sits the CREATOR and the JUDGE of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our pe-
riods on.

Swift the approach and solemn is the day
When this immortal mind,
Strip of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain or endless joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
 We possess none of all the past ;
 None but the present is our own :
 Grace is not plac'd within our pow'r,
 'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
 Bright and declining as a setting sun :—
 See the white minutes wing'd with haste ;
 The NOW that flies, may be the last :
 Seize the SALVATION, ere 'tis past,
 Nor mourn the blessing gone :
 A thought's delay is ruin here ;
 A closing eye, a gasping breath,
 Shuts up the golden scene in death,
 And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

CASIMIR, LIB. II. ODE 2. IMITATED.

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

MARK how it snows ! how fast the valley fills !
 And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear,
 Yet the warm sun-beams, bounding from the hills,
 Shall melt the veil away, and the young green ap-
 pear.

But, when old age, has on your temples shed
 Her silver frost, there's no returning sun ;

Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden
joys, are gone.

Then, cold and winter, and your aged snow
Stick fast upon you : not the rich array,
Not the green garland nor the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down,
And honor calls you, from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame ;
But there's a heav'nly art, t' elude the grave,
And with the hero race immortal kindred claim.

The man, that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day :
Thus, Blackbourn ! we should leave our names our
heirs ;
Old Time and waning moons, sweep all the rest
away.

TRUE MONARCHY, 1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor : but a steady soul

Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute ; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies, with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom ; but the man
That chains his rebel-will to Reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes Heav'n its counsel, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sunbeams and set round with stars.
A monarch he, that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp ; four guardian Virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light, he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,—
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain, the harlot Pleasure spreads her charms
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap
To sensual ease ; (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness ;) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heav'nly form
Stoop to be modell'd, by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor bears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound,
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach.
Or spite or envy; in himself secure,
Wisdom his tow'r, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom; sit above the globe
My rising soul! and dress thyself around,
And shine in Virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look
On the great molehill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust; then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOR demands my song: forget the ground
My gen'rous Muse, and sit among the stars,
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state

Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character superior to the flesh !
She wields her passion like her limbs, and knows
The brutal pow'rs were only born t' obey.

This is the man, whom storms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring gale
Make him talk proudly : he hath no desire
To read his secret fate ; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn destiny
In all its charming or its frightful shapes.

He, that, unshrinking and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqu'ror ; for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of Fate, he bears 'em well.

He, tho' th' Atlantic and the midland seas,
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high,
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder,—firm he stands,
Secure of his best life, unhurt, unmov'd,
And drops his lower nature, born for death ;
Then, from the lofty castle of his mind,
Sublime looks down exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation ; (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds,) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst its native rubbish, whilst the spirit

Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heav'n, th' unruinable sky.

Thither, when Fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword, that help'd the travellers on
And push'd us to our hope, bear up my friend
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine
With steady prow : know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss
To which we ever steer, whether, as kings
Of wide command we 'ave spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank, shift me to land,
And I'll be happy : thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless, on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

TO THE MUCH HONORED MR. THOMAS
ROWE, THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTH-
FUL STUDIES.—FREE PHILOSOPHY.

I.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools
In magic chains of forms and rules !
My Genius storms her throne ;

No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track nor dance the round ;
Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground ;
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these shackles of the mind,
Forg'd by the haughty wise ;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led like Samson blind and bound,—
But when his native strength he found,
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence Rowe ;
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,—
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow
And chuse the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind ;
The pinions of a single mind
Will thro' all nature fly ;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of laden souls ?
A genus which no chain controls
Roves with delight or deep or high ;
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre thro' the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

TO THE REVEREND MR. BENONI ROWE.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

I.

ROWE ! if we make the crowd our guide
Thro' life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase, and wand'ring wide
We miss th' immortal good ;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader mind,
I'd mark thy steps and tread the same ;
Dress'd in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame
Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random and by chance ;
Bright Reason never leads the dance :
Whilst in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires, she hates the crowd,
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude
Have e'er a passage worn.

III.

Mere Hazard first began the track,
Where Custom leads her thousands blind

In willing chains and strong ;
There's scarce one bold one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal error back,
But hand in hand ourselves we bind
And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd and loud
As billows on a flood
In rapid order roll ;
Example makes the mischief good ;
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's* friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To Wisdom's lofty tow'r,
'Thence to survey that wretched thing
Mankind, and in exalted rhyme
Bless the deliv'ring Pow'r.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JOHN HOWE, 1704.

I.

GREAT Man ! permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime
And consecrate her wit.

Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul,
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men,
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain !

11.

A puff of honor fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good ;
Thus like the ass of savage kind
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles,
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory, seek a brutal joy ;
How they disclaim their heav'nly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy !

111.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng :

' Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
 Knowledge their food and love their rest ;'
 But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
 Resists the pity of thine eyes
 And music of thy tongue.
 Then let the worms, of grov'ling mind,
 Round the short joys of earthly kind
 In restless winding roam :
 Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
 Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
 Where love, the centre and the pole,
 Completes the heav'n at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

I.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
 Upon my better pow'rs ;
 She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes
 And gilds the gloomy hours.
 How cou'd we bear this tedious round
 Of waning moons, and rolling years,
 Of flaming hopes and chilling fears,
 If, where no sov'reign cure appears,
 No opiates could be found ?

II,

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
 Is a deceitful good :—
 Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
 On the green margin stood,
 Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose ;

And with more golden sands, her fancy pav'd the
Then fond to be entirely blest, [flood ;
And tempted by a faithless youth
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste
And rears the nether mud :
Darkness, and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current Love, with large supplies
Of pain to tease the heart and sorrow for the eyes,
The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost ;
A spark, or glimm'ring streak, at most
Shines here and there amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a fair delight.

III.

Recover'd from the sad surprise
Doris awakes at last,—
Grown by the disappointment wise,
And manages with art th' unlucky cast :
When the low'ring frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,—
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes
And makes her sov'reign beauty bow :
Cheerful she smiles upon his grisly form ;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm :
Anon she lets the sullen humor spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend
Beguiles th' uneasy hours ;

Well coloring ev'ry cross she meets,
With heart serene, she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
And strews her bed with flow'rs.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON amongst his travels found
A broken statue on the ground,
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument :
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet 'ere he pass'd with much ado
He guess'd, and spell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

- ' Enough,' he cry'd, 'I'll drudge no more
- ' In turning the dull Stoics o'er :
- ' Let pedants waste their hours of ease,
- ' To sweat all night at Socrates,
- ' And feed their boys with notes and rules,
- ' Those tedious recipes of schools
- ' To cure ambition ; I can learn
- ' With greater ease the great concern
- ' Of mortals, how we may despise
- ' All the gay things below the skies.
- ' Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
- ' Says all that the old sages said :
- ' For me these shatter'd tombs contain
- ' More morals than the Vatican.

- ' The dust of heroes cast abroad,
 ' And kick'd and trampled in the road,—
 ' The relics of a lofty mind,
 ' That lately wars and crowns design'd—
 ' Toss'd for a jest from wind to wind,
 ' Bid me be humble, and forbear
 ' Tall monuments of fame to rear,—
 ' They are but castles in the air.—
 ' The tow'ring heights and frightful falls,
 ' The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
 ' Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
 ' Tell me a thousand mournful things
 ' In melancholy silence,
 ' He
 ' That living, could not bear to see
 ' An equal, now lies torn and dead,
 ' Here, his pale trunk, and there his head.
 ' Great Pompey ! while I meditate
 ' With solemn horror thy sad fate,
 ' Thy carcass scatter'd on the shore,
 ' Without a name, instructs me more
 ' Than my whole library before.
 ' Lie still my Plutarch then and sleep,
 ' And my good Seneca may keep
 ' Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
 ' I have no further use for you ;
 ' For when I feel my virtue fall,
 ' And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
 ' I'll take a turn among the tombs,
 ' And see whereso all

' There the vile foot of ev'ry clown
 ' Tramples the sons of Honor down,
 ' Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 ' And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.'

FREEDOM, 1697.

I.

TEMPT me no more; my soul can ne'er comport
 With the gay slav'ries of a court;
 I 'ave an aversion to those charms,
 And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms.
 Go, vassal-souls, go, cringe and wait,
 And dance attendance at Homeriak gate,
 Then run in troops before him to compose his
 state;

Move as he moves, and when he loiters stand;
 You're but the shadows of a man:
 Bend when he speaks and kiss the ground;
 Go catch th' impertinence of sound,
 Adore the follies of the great, &
 Wait till he smiles; but lo! the idol frown'd,
 And drove them on their face.

II.

Thus baseborn minds; but as for me
 I can and will be free:
 Like a strong ~~man~~ or some deeply woe
 My soul grows ~~stronger~~

And as I stand and as I go
It keeps my body so :
No, I can never part with my creation right,
Let slaves and tans stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r than THAT which form'd
it free.

111.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical, then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath at land;
Nature that listen'd to my strain
Rous'd the thorns and set it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind,
Swelling like Helios:
Around the oaks ———— crewd,
Types of a stately ship;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The trees flew up and climb the skies,
And as the tallest falchid cleave the vapour thick:
Again it came with ————
The ———— then grew aroundly
The willow and the sap, trembled and laid their
Head by their stood the down trunk {ground}:
Of an old oak, and all the grove that day
In vain did shake their forest cry'd,
For thus they saw ————
Now'd only to the heavenly thunder.

IV.

Sister of Faith, fair Charity,
 Show me the wondrous man on high,
 Tell how he sees the GODHEAD **THREE IN**
 The bright conviction fills his eye, **[ONE]**
 His noblest pow'rs in deep prostration lie
 At the mysterious throne :
 ' Forgive,' he cries, ' ye saints below,
 ' The wav'ring and the cold assent
 ' I gave to themes divinely true ;
 ' Can you admit the blessed to repent ?
 ' Eternal darkness veil the lines
 ' Of that unhappy book
 ' Where glimm'ring reason with false lustre shines,
 ' Where the mere mortal pen mistook
 ' What the celestial meant.'*

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd, to know
 What to-morrow Fate will do,
 'Tis enough that I can say
 I 'ave possess'd myself to-day :

* See Mr. Locke's Abstracts on Rom. ix. 20. and Paraphrase on Rom. ix. 5. which has led me to doubt whether he believed the Trinity and of Christ's person. See in the fourth stanza I suppose that I may find him out. In heaven, above, his and some other place, give out such an answer, that the Christian will be satisfied. I have stated of it, and in some of our

Then, if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow, I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glitt'ring stones and golden things,
Wealth and honor, that have wings,
Ever flutt'ring to be gone,
I could never call my own :
Riches that the world bestows
She can take and I can lose,
But the treasures that are mine,
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a-whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I 'ave a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs,
Knowledge, fair and useful grows ;
On the same young flow'ry stem
All the seasons you may see ;
Noons, in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight :
Flows are thoughts, of huge growth,
Rip'ning long-plant'd truth,
Fruits of wisdom and virtue seen,
Gather'd full on each branch.

Here in a green and shady grove
 Streams of pleasure mix with love ;
 There, beneath the smiling skies,
 Hills of contemplation rise ;
 Now, upon some shining top,
 Angels light and call me up ;
 I rejoice to raise my feet,
 Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more,
 Earth hath no resemblance for ;
 Nothing like them round the pole,
 Nothing can describe the soul :
 'Tis a region, half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own
 More remote from public view,
 Than the bowels of Peru ;
 Broader 'tis and brighter far
 Than the golden Indies are ;
 Ships, that trace the wat'ry stage,
 Cannot coast it in an age ;
 Harts or horses strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er,
 In ~~the~~ thousand days or more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind,
 Loath to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours
 Counting round the narrow shores,
 Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Seeking shells and pebbles thence ;

Or she sits at Fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows t' her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living:
 Never, never, would she buy
 Indian dust or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native shore;
 If her inward worth were known
 She might ever live alone.

 THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
 With an inimitable wing;
 Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
 She cleaves her wondrous way,
 She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day,
 Nor Rapin* gives her rules to fly, nor Pursuett
 notes to sing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears,
 Where lie the pointed rocks or where the jagged
 sand;
 Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
 She notes descending angels as she flies,

* A French critic.

† An English master of music.

Nor asks them where their country lies,
 Or where the sea-marks stand :
 Touch'd with an empyreal ray
 She springs unerring upward, to eternal day,
 Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers
 With bold and safe attempt to the celestial land.

III.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
 With humble toil in order creep,
 Casting in sight of one another's oars,
 Nor venture thro' the boundless deep :
 Such low pretending souls are they
 Who dwell in enclos'd solid orbs of scull :
 Plodding along their sober way,
 The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
 While the poor lab'rer sweats, to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
 Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
 Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
 And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars be-
 Give me the Muse, whose gen'rous force, [hind
 Impatient of the reins,
 Pursues an unattempted course,
 Breaks all the critic's iron chain,
 And bears to Paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells ; the mortal song
 Themes not possess'd by any mortal tongue ;

New terrors or new glories shine
 In ev'ry page, and flying scenes divine
 Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls
 Behold his Muse sent out, t' explore [along.
 The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
 And realms of night unknown before.
 She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
 Thro' fields of heav'nly war, and seraphs over-
 Where his advent'rous genius led ; [thrown,
 Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,
 Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
 The noble hater of degen'rate rhyme
 Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
 A monument too high for coupled sounds to climb ;
 He mourn'd the garden lost below ;
 (Earth is the scene for sinful woe ;)
 Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
 Now the lost Eden he regains,
 Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd
 strains.

VI.

Immortal Bard ! thus thy own Raphael sings,
 And knows no rule but native fire ;
 All heav'n sits silent, while to his sov'reign strains
 He talks unutterable things ;
 With graces infinite, his untaught fingers rove
 Across the golden lyre ;
 From ev'ry note devotion springs ;
 Ecstasy, and harmony, and love,
 Overtop the list'ning choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARKE.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

"T WAS in a vale, where oaks grow,
 By murmur'ing streams we told our woe,
 And mingled all our cares;
 Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
 In both the weeping dew arise,
 And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vig'rous monarch of the day,
 Now mounting half his morning way,
 Shone with a fainter bright;
 Still sick'ning and decaying still,
 Dimly, he wander'd up the hill
 With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
 The queen of Night obscur'd his gold
 Behind her sable wheels;
 Nature grew sad to lose the day,
 The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
 In mourning stood the hills.

IV.

'Such are our sorrows, Clarke,' I cry'd,
 'Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
 'Our darken'd souls behind;

- ‘ In the young morning of our years,
- ‘ Distemp’ring fogs have climb’d the spheres
- ‘ And choke the lab’ring mind.

V.

- ‘ Lo, the gay planet rears his head
- ‘ And overlooks the lofty shade,
- ‘ New-bright’ning all the skies :
- ‘ But say, dear partner of my moan,
- ‘ When will our long eclipse be gone,
- ‘ Or when our suns arise ;

VI.

- ‘ In vain are potent herbs apply’d,
- ‘ Harmonious sounds in vain have try’d
- ‘ To make the darkness fly ;
- ‘ But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
- ‘ Or clatt’ring brass relieve the moon,
- ‘ When fainting in the sky.

VII.

- ‘ Some friendly spirit from above,
- ‘ Born of the light, and nurs’d with love,
- ‘ Assist our feeble fires,
- ‘ Force these invading glooms away ;
- ‘ Souls should be seen, quite thro’ their clay,
- ‘ Bright as your heav’nly choir.

VIII.

- ‘ But if the fogs must damp the flame,
- ‘ Gently, kind Death, dissolve our frame,
- ‘ Release the pair ner-quested ;
- ‘ Our souls shall moult at thy discharge
- ‘ To their bright source, and shine at large
- ‘ Not clouded nor confin’d.’

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND, 1702.

Now let my cares all bury'd lie,
 My griefs for ever dumb ;
 Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
 They leave my own no room.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
 The spleen itself is gone ;
 Plung'd in your woes, I feel *them* not,
 Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
 And all the soul invades ;
 Set the broad gloom of spreading night
 Devours the ev'ning shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest ;
 This sympathy of woe
 Drives my own tyrants from my breast,
 T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign,
 Their *own* rod I feel ;
 Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
 But I'm the pris'ner still.

Why was this life for mis'ry made,
 Or why drawn out so long ?
 Is there no room amongst the dead,
 Or is a wretch too young ?

Move faster on, great Nature's wheel,
 Be kind, ye rolling pow'rs,
 Hurl my days headlong down the hill
 With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
 Nor smile upon a slave ;
 Darkness, and death, make haste at once
 To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE ; OR, THE COMFORTS OF A
 FRIEND.

THUS Nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
 Till Grace lift up her head,
 Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
 And smiling thus she said :

- Were kindred spirits born for cares ?
- Must ev'ry grief be mine ?
- Is there a sympathy in tears
- Yet joys refuse to join ?

Perbid it Heav'n, and raise my love
 And make our joys the same ;
 So bliss and friendship join'd above
 Mix an immortal flame.

Secures are lost in vast delight
 That brightens all the soul,

As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my pow'rs employ ;
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long ;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

Fast as ye please, roll down the hill,
And haste away my years,
Or I can wait my FATHER's will
And dwell beneath the spheres.

Rise glorious, ev'ry future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known,
By well-distinguish'd rays.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD CURR,

AT THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

‘ **O** WHY is man so thoughtless grown,
‘ Why guilty souls in haste to die ?
‘ Vent'ring the leap to worlds unknown,
‘ Headless to arms and blood they fly.

Are lives but worth a soldier's pay ?
 Why will you join such wide extremes,
 And stake immortal souls, in play
 At desp'rate chance, and bloody games ?

Valor's a nobler turn of thought,
 Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears ;
 Calmly she meets the deadly shot !
 Secure of life above the stars.

But Phrenzy dares eternal fate,
 And, spurr'd with Honor's airy dreams,
 Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
 And force a passage to the flames.*

Thus, hov'ring o'er Namurja's plains,
 Bung heav'nly Love in Gabriel's form ;
 Young Thraso *felt* the moving strains,
 And vow'd, to pray—before the storm.

Anon the thund'ring trumpet calls ;
 ' Vows are but wind,' the hero cries ;
 Then swears by Heav'n, and scales the waiks,
 Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF OVID, MAR-
 TIAL, OLDMAN, DRYDEN, &c, 1708.

1.

I JUDGES the *Muses* of *low* desire ;
 Her sons to darkness and her works to fire.

2 2

In vain the flatt'ries of their wit,
 Now with a melting strain, now with an heav'nly
 Would tempt my virtue to approve [flight,
 Those gaudy tenders of a lawless love.
 So harlots dress; they can appear
 Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
 To charm a Cato's eye; but all within
 Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

II.

Die Flora, die in endless shame,
 Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
 Stript of thy false array.
 Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
 Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
 Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
 Attend your mistress to the dead:
 When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her
 shade.

III.

Strephon,* of noble blood and mind,
 (For ever shine his name!)
 As death approach'd, his soul resign'd,
 And gave his looser sonnets to the flame:
 ' Burn, burn,' he cry'd, with sacred rage,—
 ' Hell is the due of ev'ry page,
 ' Hell be the fate. (But O! indulgent Heav'n
 ' So vile the Muse and yet the man forgiv'n!)
 ' Burn on my songs,—for not the silver Thames,
 ' Nor Tiber with his yellow streams,

* Earl of Rochester,

‘ In endless currents rolling to the main,
 ‘ Can e’er dilute the poison or wash out the stain.’
 So Moses, by divine command,
 Forbid the leprous house to stand,
 When deep the fatal spot was grown ;
 ‘ Break down the timber, and dig up the stone.’

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS, 1699.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good
 To wash our mortal cares away ;
 These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
 And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
 (These orbs that never use to rain)
 Some star direct me where to buy
 One sov’reign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
 I’d give both Indies for a tear ;
 I’d barter all but what’s divine,
 Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas ! are trifling things,
 They rather feed than heal our woes ;
 From trickling eyes new sorrows spring,
 As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping, urges weeping on ;
In vain our mis'ries, hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face ;
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe ;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES, AUG. 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pair
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of symple and swains
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way :
If there be bliss without design,

Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthy mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires,
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :
On *Ætna's* top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
I' improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd just like Stoic-souls,
With ougers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heav'nly concerts spring
From two old lutes, with neither a string,
Or none besides the bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft' enchantments hold
 Two jarring souls of angry mould,
 The rugged and the keen :
 Samson's young foxes might as well
 In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind,
 For Love abhors the sight :
 Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
 For native rage and native fear
 Rise and forbid delights.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet ;
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet
 And feeds their mutual loves :
 Bright Venus on her swelling throne
 Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupids yoke the doves.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

AN EPISTLE, DECEMBER, 1702.

I.

LET useless souls to woods retreat ;
 Polhill should long in country-seat
 When Virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent nor Sussex * should have charms,
While Liberty with loud alarms
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

III.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a baseborn lord;
Awake your cares, awake your sword.

IV.

Factions amongst the Britons † rise,
And warring tongues and wild Surmise,
And burning Zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, 'Tis of diviner weight
'To save the sceptre than the state.'

VI.

The bold machine ‡ is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandfathers' shades, with jealous eye,
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

* His country-seat and dwelling.

† The Pretender proclaimed King in France.

‡ The parliament.

§ The bill against venalness, &c. &c.

VIII.

If Trevia* fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul, with spear in hand,—
At least petition† for the land.

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY OF THE POLES
OVER OSMAN, THE TURKISH EMPEROR,
IN THE DACIAN BATTLE.

Translated from Casimire, b. iv. ode 4. with large additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years, (nor of the heroic Muse
Unknowing nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: sev'nty springs
Smil'd on his seed, and sev'nty harvest moons
Fill'd his wide gran'ries with autumnal joy;
Still he resum'd the toil: and Fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and ur'd his plough
In glossy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his weary'd oxen from their food
With charming numbers and uncommon song.

* Mrs. Pothill, of the family of Lord Trevor.

† Mr. Pothill was one of those hot zealous gentlemen, who presented the famous Scotch petition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to limit their supplies, in order to support the King in his wars with France.

Go, fellow-lab'ers, you may rove secure
 Or feed beside me ; taste the greens and boughs
 That you have long forgot ; crop the sweet-herb,
 And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
 Leans on his spear and breathes, yet still his eye
 Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
 How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
 Strew'd the Moldavian fields ? what mighty piles
 Of vast destruction and of Thracian dead
 Fill and amaze my eyes ? Broad bucklers lie
 (A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
 And coats of scaly steel and habergeon,
 Deep bruin'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
 This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
 I was their captive, and remind their dream,)
 Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along,
 In august port and regular array
 Led on to conquest : here the Turkish chief
 Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
 His long battalions, while his populous towns
 Pour'd forth fresh troops perpetual, dress'd in arms,
 Horrid in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
 These eyes have seen ! when the capacious plain
 Was throng'd with Dacian spears, when polish'd
 helms

And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun,
 Rendering all his beams ! but frowning Wars,
 All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, threat'ning
 Warring, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
By wise command : fledg'd arrows on the nerve ;
And scimitar and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant ; till the hollow brassy clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous fire :
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with
arms ;

Then jav'lines answer'd jav'lines as they fled,
For both fled hissing death : with adverse edge
The crooked falchions met, and hideous noise
From clashing shields, through the long ranks of war
Clang'd horrible : a thousand iron storms,
Roar diverse, and in hush confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony ! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or to torment the ear : scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oak
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock :
The many fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistant, plunging in the subject lake
Como' or Lugano ; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills.
Such was the noise of war ;—the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din

To neighb'ring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Up roar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murd'rous forms; and flame, and blood,
And sweat, and dust, array the broad campaign
In horror: hasty feet and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm bus'ness of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of Death:
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valor swift t' obey: bold fates of arms,
Dreadful to see and glorious to relate,
Shine through the field with more surprising bright-
ness.

Then glistering helms or spears. What loud applause,
(Best mood of warlike soul,) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly, through the battle ring,
And sudden wrath dies into ~~silence~~ !

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk; the valiant Poles
Fought there more dreadful, though with lesser
wings.

But what the Deluge, or the coward soul
Of a Cyprian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians escaping from the slaughter,
Or Persian hosts, with all their sowing seeds,
What could they meet against th' intrepid hosts
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles

Rush here, and here the Lithuanian hords
Drive down upon them, like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the sky
On sounding wheels, or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grating herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borutan, smoking from afar,
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates the artillery of heav'n,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing sights!
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder and an equal storm
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind,
Unshaken before the onset of the war
And rest on the sharp point, while baleful missiles,
Deaths and bright dangers, flew across the field
Thick and continuous, still a thousand steps
Fled murmuring through their wounds. Fled aloof,
For 'twas scarce to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whistling sound,
Eager of glory and profuse of life,
They bore down fast on the charging few
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish
Saw

Wander'd in dismay; a dark eclipse
Hung on the silver Crescent, falling night,
Long night to all the world: at length the

The standards fell, the barb'rous ensigns torn,
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heav'n,
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scatt'ring in wild disorder spread the plain.

Not noise nor number, nor the heavy limb
Nor high-built size, prevails: 'tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe
And steel well sharpen'd; so a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eagles fight a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Yet our bands
Here made their last campaign. Here, laughing
chiefs,

Stretch'd on the bed of purple Honor, lie
Supine, unconscious of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with insupportable and long night;
Their ghosts indignant, as the ether world
Flash'd, but attended noll; for as their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, level on squares;
Ere as they stood, so the Westerner utters
A nobler toll, and triumph worth their fight.
But the brand when and keen poll-cut, flew
With speedy terror through the Turkish head,
And made, made havoc and irregular spoil
Among the vulgar bands that would the name
Of Mah'met. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways

Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy
mountains

Bellowing; yet hasty Fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters cleave the thin'rous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe; till the last relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying, had discharg'd,
The ghastly plain. I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay weltering on the ground, while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud,
Torn with fresh wounds,—but inward vital firm,
Forbidden the soul's remove, and chain it down,
By the hard laws of Nature to sustain
Long torment: his wide eye-balls roll; his teeth
Gushing with agonish chide his ling'ring fate;
Emblazon'd armor spots his high command
Amongst the neighb'ring dead; they round their lord
Ere prostrate, come in flight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo! at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richest Ourman blood,
Extended on the field; in friendship join'd,
Nor Fate divides them; hardly warriors both,
Both faithful: drown'd in show'rs of darts they fell

Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart
 In vain, for on those orbs of friendly brass
 Stood groves of jav'lines ; some alas ! too deep
 Were planted there, and through their lovely bosoms
 Made painful avenues for cruel Death.
 O my dear native land ! forgive the tear
 I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong con-
 passion

Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
 And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue :
 Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls
 Of those fair infidels, some humble place
 Among the bless'd. ' Sleep, sleep ye hapless Pair !'
 Gently I cry'd, ' worthy of better fate,
 ' And better faith.' Hard by the gen'ral lay,
 Of Saracen descent, a grisly form,
 Breathless, yet Pride sat pale upon his front
 In disappointment, with a surly brow
 Louing in death and vex'd, his rigid jaws,
 Foaming with blood, bit hard the Polish spear,
 In that dead visage my remembrance reads
 Rash Cambray : in vain the boasting slave
 Promis'd and snatch'd the Sultan, threatening fierce,
 With royal cushions and triumphant fire,
 Spread wide beneath Westernian silk and gold :
 See on the unbed-grown'd, all cold he lies,
 Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
 Forgetful of his word—How Murza's vengeance
 Insulting hopes ! with what an awful smile
 Laughs at the proud that loosen all the reins

To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But whither am I borne! this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls,
What gen'rous horse should hear. Break off, my
song,

My barb'rous Muse, be still: immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing Fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the ev'ning star
Shines o'er the western hill: my oxen come,
The well known star invites the lab'rer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDISH.

DEAR SIR,

AUG, 24, 1705.

THE following song was your's when first composed: the Muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill-matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love; possess and be happy.

I congratulate myself yet more from the
poem, which has been more so you
long ago; and I am in no

offence at the fabulous dress of this poem; nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER, SEP. 3, 1702.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
 Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
 A plague of iron prove?
Beastish, 'tis strange the charm that binds
 Millions of hands, should leave their minds
 At such a loose from love.

11.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
 Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,
 And urg'd the schools in vain;
 Then deep in thought within my breast
 My soul retir'd, and whisper'd thus:
 A bright instructive scene.

O'er the ~~_____~~ and ~~_____~~ the ~~_____~~
 On Fancy's dry ~~_____~~ I ride,
 (Sweet captiv'd of the mind!)

Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
 In a tall ancient grove I stood
 For sacred use design'd.

IV.

Hard by a venerable priest,
 Risen with his God, the Sun, from rest,
 Awoke his morning song ;
 Thrice he conjur'd the murmur'ing stream ;
 The birth of souls was all his theme,
 And half-divine his tongue.

V.

He sang, ' Th' eternal rolling flame,
 ' That vital mass that still the same
 ' Does all our minds compose,
 ' But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames,
 ' Thence, diff'ring souls, of diff'ring names,
 ' And jarring tempers rose.

VI.

' The mighty Pow'r that form'd the mind,
 ' One mould for ev'ry two design'd,
 ' And bless'd the new-born pair ;
 ' " This be a watch for this," (he said)
 ' Then down he sent the souls he made
 ' To seek their bodies here :

VII.

' But parting from their warm shade,
 ' They lost their fellows on the road
 ' And never join'd their bands.

- ' Ah cruel Chance and crossing Fates !
- ' Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
- ' On Europe's barb'rous lands.

VIII.

- ' Happy the youth that finds the bride,
- ' Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
- ' The sweetest joy of life ;
- ' But oh ! the crowds of wretched souls
- ' Fetter'd to minds, of diff'rent moulds,
- ' And chain'd t' eternal strife !'

IX.

- Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard,
My soul with vast attention heard
While Ganges ceas'd to flow :
' Sure then,' I cry'd, ' might I but see
' That gentle nymph, that twinn'd with me,
' I might be happy too.

X.

- ' Some courteous angel tell me where,
- ' What distant lands this unknown fair,
- ' Or distant seas, detain ?
- ' Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls
- ' I'd fly, to meet and mingle souls,
- ' And wear the joyful chain.'

THE HAPPY MAN.

I.

SERENE as light, is Myron's soul
 And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole ;
 In manly beauty shines his face,
 Ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace
 Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
 His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
 Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
 Behold his manhood scarce begun,
 Behold his race of virtue run,
 Behold the goal of glory won,
 Nor Fame denies the merit, nor withholds the prize ;
 Her silver trumpets, his renown proclaim :
 The lands where Learning never flew,
 Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
 Surly Japan and rich Peru
 In barb'rous songs pronounce the British hero's
 name :

- ' Airy bliss,' the hero cry'd,
- ' May feed the tympany of pride,
- ' But healthy souls were never found
- ' To live on emptiness and sound.'

II.

Lo ! at his honorable feet
 Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears ;
 She comes to pay obedience most,
 Providing joys for future years ;

Blessings with lavish hand she pours
 Gather'd from the Indian coast :
 Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast
 When Jove came down in golden show'rs,
 He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
 With high disdain I heard him say
 ' Bliss is not made of glitt'ring clay.

III.

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
 With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns, spread ;
 Gay magnificence and state,
 Guards and chariots at his gate,
 And slaves in endless order round his table wait :
 They learn the dictates of his eyes,
 And now they fall and now they rise,
 Watch ev'ry motion of their lord,
 Hang on his lips with most impatient ear,
 With swift ambition seize th' unfinished word,
 And the command fulfil.
 Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
 He dropt a tear and pity'd kings.
 Then flying from the noisy throng
 Seeks the diversion of a song.

IV.

Music descending on a silver cloud
 Tun'd all her strings with softest ore ;
 By slow degrees from soft to loud
 Changing the voice ; the harp and flute
 Join the thro' to salute
 And make a captive of his heart.

Fruits and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love,
 Each with utmost luxury strove
 To treat their favourite best ;
 But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
 And lawless love, in vain combine
 To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

V.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
 Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
 • In crowds of pleasure still I find
 • A painful solitude of mind,
 • A vacancy within, which sense can ne'er supply.
 • Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring snares,
 • Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
 • Ye unperforming promisers !
 • Be all my baser passions dead,
 • And base desires by Nature made
 • For animals and boys :
 • Man has a relish more refin'd,
 • Souls are for social bliss design'd,—
 • Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
 • A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys.'

VI.

Myrrha appear'd ; serene her soul
 And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
 In softer beauties shone her face ;
 Ev'ry Mute and ev'ry Gnome
 Made her heart and tongue their seat.
 Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet:

Myrrha, the wonder of his eyes,
 His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
 With joys unknown before ;
 His soul dissolv'd, in pleasing pain,
 Flow'd to his eyes and look'd again,
 And could endure no more.
 ' Enough,' th' impatient hero cries,
 And seiz'd her to his breast ;
 ' I seek no more below the skies ;
 ' I give my slaves the rest.'

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

AN ANSWER TO AN INFAMOUS SATIRE,
 CALLED, 'ADVICE TO A PAINTER,'
 WRITTEN BY A NAMELESS AUTHOR
 AGAINST KING WILLIAM THE THIRD
 OF GLORIOUS MEMORY, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this satire into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing ; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his Majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country ; and since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to

the best of kings, addressed to one of the most
zealous of his subjects, by

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero that redeem'd our land
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand ?
The man of wondrous soul that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon ? must WILLIAM'S
name,

That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,
WILLIAM, the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust ?
POLHILL ! my blood boils high, my spirits
flame ;

Can your zeal sleep, or are your passions tame,
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poor's
name ?

Why smoke the skies not, why no thunders roll,
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul ?
Audacious wretch ! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel flame,

To call the painter to his black designs,
 To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines.
 Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
 Under no shape but angels or his own,
 GABRIEL OR WILLIAM on the British throne.
 O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
 And words with infinite ideas join,
 I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
 And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep :
 Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
 Fierce how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
 Scatt'ring just vengeance through the red cam-
 paign ;—
 Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
 Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
 And say, 'Twas thus, the conqu'ror through the
 squadrons broke.
 Mark him again, emerging from the cloud
 Far from his troops : there like a rock he stood,
 His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
 Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne
 And his Maria weeping,—whilet alone
 He wards the fate of nations and provokes his
 own.
 But Heav'n secures its champion : o'er the field
 Paint hov'ring angels though they lie conceal'd ;
 Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his
 shield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
 Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile ;

Then imitate the glory ; on the strand,
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful scint,—
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint,—
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet ;
While round his head the laurel and the olive
meet,
The crowns of war and peace,—and may they blow
With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow !
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes ; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands——
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a rev'rend smile,
And bless the piece : these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage, and direct the throne :
People and prince, are one in WILLIAM'S name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.
Let Liberty and Right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's
head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him ; round th' imperial queen
Place waiting Virtue, each of heav'nly mien :
Lest their bright air, and point it from his eyes ;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise,
Dwell in his looks ; majestic but serene ;

Sweet with no fondness ; cheerful but not vain ;
Bright, without terror ; great, without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example through the land.
Not so the former reigns—————
Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye ;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast, to be express :
Colors must fail, where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart, for thought alone to
paint.

PART II.

Now Muse, pursue the satyrist again,
Wipe off the blow of his envenom'd pen.
Hark how he bids the servile painter draw
In monstrous shapes the patrons of our law :
At one slight dash, he cancels ev'ry name,
From the white rolls of honesty and fame :
This scribbling wretch marks all, he meets, for
knave,
Shoots sudden bolts, promiscuous, at the base and
brave,
And with unpardonable malice sheds,
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear ! or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,—

Draw first this poet, like some baleful star
With silent influence shedding civil war,—
Or factious trumpeter,—whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground
And scatters hellish feuds the nations round. }
These are theimps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague and then the pain de-
scribe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,—
Still, from the good, distinguishing the vile ;
Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand :
Paint forth the knaves that have the nations sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold :
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monach's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau beneath a careless crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown.
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us bless'd, how vain his labors prove }
To save the stubborn land he condescends to }
love.

TO THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Casimire, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

VARIA ! there's nothing here that's free
 From wearisome anxiety.
 And the whole round of mortal joys
 With short possession tires and cloy.
 'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
 Just from the window to the bed :
 We rise to see and to be seen,
 Gaze on the world awhile, and then
 We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
 But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
 Still holds a lodging in our breast ;
 She finds or frames vexation still,
 Herself the greatest plague we feel.
 We take strange pleasure in our pain,
 And make a mountain of a grain ;
 Assume the load, and pant and sweat
 Beneath th' imaginary weight.
 With our dear selves we live at strife :
 While the most constant scenes of life
 From peevish humors are not free
 Still we affect variety.
 Rather than pass an easy day
 We fret and chide the hours away,
 Grow weary of this circling sun,
 And vex'd that he should ever run

The same old track ; and still, and still
Rise red beyond yon eastern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the same casement ev'ny night.

We shift our chambers and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes.

Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Plies to the woods ; a hermit-saint !
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint ;
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn ;
But humor that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart ; she's hurry'd still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will ;
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams, and silent groves,
Or with her Furies, or her Loves.

}

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air.

In vain we change, in vain we fly :
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind.

}

In vain, if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind ;
Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels or flying sails.

Happy the soul that Virtue shows
 To fix the place of her repose,
 Needless to move ; for she can dwell
 In her own grandsire's hall as well ;
 Virtue, that never loves to roam,
 But sweetly hides herself at home,
 And easy on a native throne
 Of humble turf, sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
 And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
 Should the waves swell and make her roll
 Across the line or near the pole ;—
 Still she's at peace ; for well she knows
 To launch the stream that Duty shows,
 And make her home where'er she goes.
 Bear her ye seas upon your breast,
 Or waft her, winds, from east to west
 On the soft air, she cannot find
 A couch so easy as her mind,
 Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ. AFTERWARDS
 SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

Caesare, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

Vive jucunda sacraeque iuventae, &c. July 1708.

I.

LIVE, my dear HARTOPP ! live to-day,
 Nor let the sun look down and say
 ' Inglorious here he lies !'

Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By ev'ry hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not ;
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slipp'ry sphere :
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

III.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
HARTOPP ! mark the with'ring rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows !

IV.

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream ;
Only the joys, celestial, flow
In an eternal stream.
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left, conveys away,
And shuffles in our woe.
So have I seen a mother play
And cheat her silly child ;
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and iron Fate
 Hurry and vex our mortal state,
 And all the race of ills create ;
 Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
 Commands the reins of human life,
 The wheels impetuous roll ;
 The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
 And days with stretching pinions drive—
 Down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half so fast the galley flies
 O'er the Venetian sea,
 When sails, and oars, and lab'ring skies,
 Contend to make her way.
 Swift wings for all the flying hours
 The GOD of time prepares,
 The rest lie still yet in their nest,
 And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ. HAPPY SOLI-
 TUDE, 1700.

CASIMIRE, BOOK IV. ODE 12. IMITATED.

Quid me tentant, &c.

I.

THE noisy world complains of me
 That I should shun their sight, and flee
 Visits, and crowds, and company.

GUNSTON ! the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies,
And in my closet, I could rest,
Till to the heav'ns I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge ' This private life
' Can never make you blest,
' And twenty doors are still at strife
' T' engage you for a guest.'
Friend ! should the tow'rs of Windsor or White-
hall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay,—
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

III.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great,
My busy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large survey, I see
All the wide theatre of ME,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul ;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod ;
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well, to gain the plaudit of my GOD.

IV.

There's a day hast'ning ('tis an awful day !)
 When the GREAT SOV'REIGN shall at large
 review

All that we speak, and all we do,—
 The sev'ral parts we act on this wide stage of clay :
 These he approves, and those he blames,
 And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
 O ! if the JUDGE from His tremendous seat
 Shall not condemn what I have done,
 I shall be happy though unknown,
 Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

V.

I hate the glory, Friend ! that springs
 From vulgar breath and empty sound :—
 Fame, mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
 Upon her airy wings,
 Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound ;
 Then her flagging pinions fail,—
 Down Glory falls, and strikes the ground,
 And breaks her batter'd limbs.
 Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame :
 How happy I should lie
 In sweet obscurity.
 Nor the loud world pronounce my little name !
 Here I could live and die alone ;
 Or if society be due
 To keep our taste of pleasures new,
 Gunston ! I'd live and die with you,
 For both our souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state and images of pow'r :
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet ;
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from public praise,
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a veil ;
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,
And Virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

TO JOHN HARTOFF, ESQ. (AFTERWARDS
SIR JOHN HARTOFF, BART.)

THE DISDAIN, 1700.

I.

HARTOFF ! I love the soul, that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet :
FLEETWOOD, and all thy heav'nly line,
Look through the stars and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.

Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest, and the least
Ingredient of our frame :
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys ;
Be shining dust the miser's food ;
Let Fancy feed on fame and noise,—
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any
moritifying lines in the following poems inscribed
to you, so soon after your entrance into that state,
which was designed for the completest happiness
on earth : but you will quickly discover, that the
Muse in the first poem, only represents the shades
and dark colours, that melancholy throws upon love
and the social life ; in the second, perhaps, she

indulges her own bright ideas a little ; yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made, to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature, in verse, and that with a solemnity, becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself, is now permitted to entertain the world ; but you may assume it to yourself, as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

PART I.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE'S a long tragedy ; this globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas ; the actors many.
The plot immense : a flight of demons sit
On ev'ry sailing cloud with fatal purpose,—
And shoot across the scenes, ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death :
The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air,
Nor twang the bow, yet sore and deep the wound.
Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate : lo ! she glides

Single, thro' all the storm, and more secure ;
 Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
 The fewest darts. ' But O my lov'd Marilla,
 ' My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
 ' How much art thou expos'd ! thy growing soul
 ' Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
 ' Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
 ' That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage. 20
 ' Children ! those dear young limbs, those ten-
 ' d'rest pieces
 ' Of your own flesh, those little, other-selves,
 ' How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,—
 ' And soften ev'ry fibre to improve
 ' The mother's sad capacity of pain !—
 ' I mourn Fidelio too, tho' Heav'n has chose
 ' A fav'rite mate for him, of all her sex
 ' The pride and flow'r : how bless'd the lovely pair
 ' Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves,
 ' And woes well-mingled, could improve our bliss !
 ' Amidst the rugged cares of life, behold 31
 ' The father and the husband, flatt'ring names
 ' That spread his title and enlarge his share
 ' Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
 ' To multiply his joys, but ev'ry hour
 ' Renews the disappointment and the smart.
 ' There, not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
 ' Of his fair-partner or her infant-train,
 ' (Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul.
 ' Strange is thy pow'r O Love ! What num'rous
 ' veins,

' And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
 ' Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,
 ' By strong, but secret strings ! With vain attempt
 ' We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
 ' To break the ties of Nature and of blood ;
 ' Those hidden threads maintain the dear commu-
 ' Inviolably firm ; their thrilling motions, [nion
 ' Reciprocal, give endless sympathy,
 ' In all the bitters, and the sweets of life.
 ' Thrice happy man, if pleasure only, knew 50
 ' These avenues of love to reach our souls,
 ' And pain had never found 'em !

Thus sung the tuneful maid, fearful to try
 The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
 And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
 Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
 And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
 And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
 Nor put the chains on, dangerous to try
 And hard to be dissolv'd ; yet rising tears 60
 Sat on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd
 Harmonious sorrow ; and the pitying drops
 Stole down her cheeks to mourn the hapless state
 Of mortal love ; LOVE ! thou best blessing sent
 To soften life, and make our iron cares
 Easy ; but thy own cares of softer kind,
 Give sharper wounds ; they lodge too near the
 Beat like the pulse perpetual, and create [heart,
 A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Micio, speak sincere, 70

(For thou art learned now,) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities, tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain; the region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me what toil, what torment, to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages; fancy roves 80
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe; Charissa, in whose life,
Thy life consists,—and in her comfort, thine.
Fear and surmise, put on a thousand forms
Of dire disquietude, and, round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death,
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' ev'ry vein. Speak! does the stranger Muse
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion, 90
Or has she fabled all?—Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they burp'd here,
In friendship and oblivion, lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distantful gall;
Nor let thine eye, too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wild roads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring, to the cruel grave 100

Are dragg'd, in sad succession, while his soul
Is torn away piece-meal: thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate,
Survive, and in the sweetest, saddest airs
Of love, and grief, approach with trembling hand,
To close his swimming eyes,—what double pang,
What racks, what twinges, rend his heart-strings off.
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove, 110
He leaves behind to mourn!—what jealous cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men;—So parts the dying turtle,—
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret,
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades,—forgets her food,—
Forgets her life,—or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks, athirst for blood. 120

PART II.

OR THE BRIGHT VISION.

THUS far, the Muse in unaccustom'd mood
And strains, unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought, and thus she sang
Partial; for Melancholly's hateful form

Stood by in sable robe : the pensive Muse
 Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
 Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray,
 In the fair world of love ; but, while she gaz'd
 Delightful, on the state of twin-born souls
 United, bless'd—the cruel shade apply'd 10
 A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
 Deceitful, blending love and life at once
 In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
 Of mis'ry :—now Urania feels the cheat,
 And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
 Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
 The scene shines bright with bliss. Behold the
 place !

Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
 With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
 Nor Malice fork'd-tongu'd. On ~~this~~ dear spot, 20
 Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station,
 To act thy part of life serene, and bless'd
 With the fair consort, fitted to thy heart.

'e, 'tis a vision of that happy grove,
 Where the first authors of our mournful race
 Liv'd in sweet partnership ; one hour they liv'd,
 But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair !)
 For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
 Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
 The wishing Muse, new dresses the fair garden 30
 Amid this desert world with budding bliss,
 And evergreens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties,
 Without one dangerous tangle, there heav'nly dew,

Nightly descending, shall impearl the grass
 And verdant herbage ; drops of fragrancy
 Sit trembling on the spires ; the spicy vapors
 Rise with the dawn, and thro' the air diffus'd,
 Salute your waking senses with perfume,
 While vital fruits, with their ambrosial juice,
 Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure 40
 From vicious taint, and with your innocence,
 Immortalize the structure of your clay.
 On this new Paradise the cloudless skies
 Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
 With flames unsully'd (as the fabled torch
 Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
 Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
 In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
 Full orb'd, (if Heav'n and Nature will indulge
 So fair an emblem,) big with silver joys, 50
 And still forgo her wane. The feather'd choir,
 Warbling their MAKER's praise on early wing,
 Or, perch'd on ev'ning bough, shall join your
 worship,

Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony : Hark, thro' the grove
 I hear the sound divine ! I'm all attention,
 All ear, all ecstacy ; unknown delight !
 And the fair Muse proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree,
 Disdain converse with men : again returning, 60
 I see th' ethereal host on downward wing :
 Lo ! at the eastern gate young cherubs stand

Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
 To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
 Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
 Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd,
 Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
 And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
 The Patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
 Of heav'n ; (so Milton sings, enlighten'd Bard ! 70
 Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain,
 The angel's great narration he repeats
 To Albion's sons high favour'd ;) thou shalt learn
 Celestial lessons from his awful tongue,
 And with soft grace and interwoven loves,
 (Grateful digression !) all his words rehearse
 To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
 Thus, with divine discourse in shady bow'rs
 Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
 Eve, his sole auditress, and deep discourse, 80
 With conjugal caresses on her lip,
 Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears space, now Mitio comes
 From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
 Behold the dear associates seated low
 On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strew'd,
 But high their conference ! How self-suffic'd
 Lives their ETERNAL MAKER, girt around
 With glories ; arm'd with thunders ; and His
 throne
 Mortal access forbids, projecting far 90
 Splendours unsuff'erable and silent death.

With rev'rence, and abasement, deep they fall
 Before the SOV'REIGN MAJESTY, to pay
 Due worship; then, His mercy ~~on~~ their souls
 Smiles with a gentler ray, but sov'reign still,
 And leads their meditation and discourse
 Long ages backward, and across the seas
 To Bethlchem of Judah: there the SON,
 The filial GODHEAD, character express
 Of brightness inexpressible, laid by 100
 His beamy robes, and made descent to earth.
 Sprung from the sons of Adam, He became
 A second father, studious to regain
 Lost Paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The lovers, with endearment mutual, thus
 Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate,
 His manly judgment, still resolv'd, and still
 Held her attention fix'd: she, musing sat,
 On the sweet mention of incarnate Love,—
 Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains. 110

She sang ' The infant GOD, (mysterious theme!)
 ' How vile his birth-place, and His cradle vile!
 ' The ox and ass, His mean companions; there
 ' In habit vile, the shepherds flock around,
 ' Saluting the great Mother, and adore
 ' Israel's anointed KING, th' appointed HEIR
 ' Of the creation. How debas'd He lies
 ' Beneath His regal state, for thee, my Mitio,
 ' Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood 119
 ' Minst'ring round their charge with folded wings
 ' Obsequious, tho' silent; while lightsome hours

' Fulfill'd the day, and the grey ev'ning rose :
 ' Then the fair guardians, hov'ring o'er His head,
 ' Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,—
 ' And with their fanning pinions, purge the air
 ' From busy phantoms, from infectious damps
 ' And impure taint ; while their ambrosial plumes,
 ' A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
 ' Alternate hymns the heav'nly watchers sung
 ' Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades, 130
 ' And kept the darkness chaste and holy : then
 ' Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
 ' Wonder'd, to see their mighty MAKER sleep.
 ' Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy Morn
 ' Smiles in the east with eyelids op'ning fair,
 ' But not so fair as thine. O ! I could fold THEE,
 ' My young ALMIGHTY, my CREATOR-babe,
 ' For ever in these arms ! for ever dwell
 ' Upon Thy lovely form with gazing joy,
 ' And ev'ry pulse should beat seraphic love ! 140
 ' Around my seat, should crowding cherubs come
 ' With swift ambition, zealous to attend
 ' Their PRINCE, and form a heav'n below the
 ' sky.'

" Forbear, Charism, O forbear the thought

" Of female fondness, and forgive the man

" That interrupts such melting harmony "

Thus Mitio, and awakes her nobler pow'rs

To pay just worship to the sacred KING,

JESUS the GOD ;—nor with devotion pure,

Mix the caresses of her softer sex ;

150

(Vain blandishment !) ' Come, turn thine eyes aside
 ' From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful steep
 ' Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls
 ' Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.—
 ' Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
 ' Of her REDEEMER, panting up the hill
 ' Hard burden'd ? can thy heart attend His cross ?
 ' Nail'd to the cruel wood He groans,—He dies,
 ' For thee He dies ! Beneath *thy* sins and *mine*
 ' (Horrible load !) the sinless SAVIOUR groans,
 ' And in fierce anguish of His soul expires. 161
 ' Adoring angels pry with bending head,
 ' Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
 ' This infinite design. Here peace is made
 ' 'Twixt GOD the Sov'reign, and the rebel *man*;
 ' Here Satan, overthrown with all his hosts,
 ' In second ruin rages and despairs ;
 ' Malice itself despairs. The captive prey,
 ' Long held in slav'ry, hopes a sweet release,
 ' And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive, 170
 ' Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of Death.'

The fair disciple heard ; her passions move
 Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
 Refin'd devotion, while new smiles of love
 Repay her teacher. Both, with bended knees,
 Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
 Brought down to men, seal'd by the sacred THREE
 In heav'n, and seal'd on earth with GOD's own
 blood :

Here they unite their names again, and sign

Those peaceful articles. (Hail, bless'd co-heirs
 Celestial ! ye shall grow to manly age, 181
 And spite of earth and hell, in season due,
 Possess the fair inheritance above.)
 With joyous admiration they survey
 The gospel treasures infinite, unseen,
 By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
 And unconceiv'd by thought ; riches divine,
 And honors, which th' almighty FATHER GOD
 Pour'd with immense profusion on His SON,
 High-treasurer of heav'n. The SON bestows 190
 The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy,
 On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love
 His name. " Then my Charissa all is thine ;"
 ' And thine, my Mitio,' the fair saint replies.
 ' Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
 ' And place and time are ours, and things to come,
 ' And past and present ; for our int'rest stands
 ' Firm in our mystic HEAD, the title sure.
 ' 'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, while
 ' We sojourn strangers here, the fruitful earth 200
 ' Bears plenteous, and revolving seasons still
 ' Dress her vast globe in various ornament :
 ' For us, this cheerful sun and cheerful light
 ' Diurnal shine ; this blue expanse of sky,
 ' Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
 ' Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold,
 ' Inwrought, when night alternates her return :
 ' For us, Time wears his wings out ; Nature keeps
 ' Her wheels in motion, and her fabric stands.

' Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight 210
 ' Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
 ' Awaits us, where the saints unbody'd live,
 ' Spirits releas'd from clay and purg'd from sin :
 ' Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
 ' Panting aspire ;—When shall that dearest hour
 ' Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
 ' Bear us at once unsever'd, to our better home ?'

O bless'd connubial state ! O happy pair,
 Envy'd by, yet unsociated, souls
 Who seek their faithful twins ! Your pleasures
 rise 220

Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer ev'nings. The vile sons of earth
Groveling in dust, with all their noisy jars
Restless, shall interrupt your joys, no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love, shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrivall'd sway,
Mutual and everlasting : friendship knows 230
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live : there's not one
thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
But ev'ry passage open as the day
To one another's breast, and inmost mind.

Thus by the communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss, swell higher as
 they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely
 glow.

PART III.

OR THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

I.

SHOULD SOV'REIGN LOVE before me stand
With all His train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring Muse relate
His comforts and His cares ;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t'express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
THY cares and comforts, SOV'REIGN LOVE,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
THY mighty losses and THY gains
Are their own mutual measures ;
Only the map that knows THY pains
Can reckon up THY pleasures.

Say, Damon, say how bright the scene,
Damon is half divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between ;
Then the sweet passions mix and share,
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought, or wish, from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly
When friendship all sincere grows up to ecstasy,
Nor self, contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the
While thy dear offspring round thee sit, [joy ;
Or sporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindest thoughts engage ;
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age !

III.

But short is earthly bliss ! the changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings ;
Relentless Death sits close behind :
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans, salutes his ears,—
Thro' ev'ry vein the thrilling torments roll,
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those conflict pieces of his bleeding soul.

The pleasing sense of love, a while,
 Mixt with the heart-ake, may the pain beguile,
 And make a feeble fight,—
 Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
 Then ev'ry smiling passion dies,—
 And hope alone, with wakeful eyes,
 Darkling and solitary, waits the slow returning
 light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition rest,
 May I be moderately blest
 When I the laws of love obey :
 Let but my pleasure, and my pain,
 In equal balance ever reign,
 Or mount by turns and sink again,
 And share just measures of alternate sway.
 So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;
 Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
 On the dull stage of clay :
 The tribes beneath the northern Bear
 Submit to darkness half the year
 Since half the year is day.

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
 JUST AFTER MR. DRYDEN, 1700.

AN EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead ; Dryden alone could sing
 The full-grown glories of a future king.

Now Glo'ster *dies* : thus, lesser heroes live,
 By that immortal breath, that poets give ;
 And scarce survives the Muse, but WILLIAM
 stands,—

Nor asks his honors from the poet's hands :
 WILLIAM shall shine without a Dryden's praise :
 His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

AN EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

' Sic tua, Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo
 Ut mecum potis,' &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HART, 1694.
 AFTERWARDS LORD BISHOP OF KIL-
 MORE IN IRELAND.

So smooth your numbers, friend! your verse so
 sweet,
 So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
 That with her Martial, Rome would place Cirine,
 Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
 Yet modest, you decline the public stage,
 To fix your friend alone, amidst th' applauding age :
 So Maro did : the mighty Maro sings
 In vast heroic notes, of vast heroic things,
 'And leaves the odes, to dance upon his Flaccus'
 strings.
 He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
 'Tho' his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
 And at his will could silence all the Lyric quire.

So to his *Varius* he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin, and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments, will ev'ry friend bestow.
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tend'rest point of honor—wit.

EPISTOLA FRATRI SUO DILECTO.

R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortasse momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem videt dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamus; non inane est inter nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intus animat, agitque, et concordæ in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam crescat indies, et vigescent mutua charitas! faxit DEUS, ut amor et nostra incandescat et defecet pectora, tunc etiam ut alternis pueri amicitie flammis erga nos ~~inhibeamus~~ ^{inhibeamus} divinum in ~~modum~~ ^{modum} ardebimus; ~~perinde~~ ^{perinde} ~~ut~~ ^{ut} ~~et~~ ^{et} ~~ad~~ ^{ad} ~~hoc~~ ^{hoc} ~~modum~~ ^{modum} nostrum, celestem illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est.

**QUI quondam aethere delapsus ab aethere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpus nostrum**

(Heu miseras!) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit
Munia, et in sese tabulæ maledicta minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jace desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris
Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictu
Sidercos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * sagittas,
' Hæc' ait ' iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,
' Abulat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis.'

Dixit, et horrendum fremuere tonitrua cœli
Infensusque DEUS; (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta silet.) Jam dissilet æther,
Pantunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Reat compessos dumque ardens explicat artus.
Purpureo† vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori ~
Segnis incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acrius, et somno languentem vacillans erecta: ‡
' Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
' Flumine macronem; vos hinc mea spicula late

Joh. iv. 6.

Luke. xii. 44.

; Zech. xiii. 7.

- ‘ Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
- ‘ Immensum tolerare valet : ad pondera pœnæ
- ‘ Sustentanda hominem suffulciat incola numen.
- ‘ Et tu sacra Decus Legum, violata tabella,
- ‘ Ebibe vindictam ; vasta satiabere cæde,
- ‘ Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
- ‘ Permistus deitate cruor.’

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
 Dilaniatque sinus ; sancti penetralia cordis
 Panduntur, sævis avidus dolor involat alis,
 Atque audax mentem scrutator, et ilia mordet ;
 Interp̃a Servator * ovat, victorque doloris
 Eminent, illustri † perfusus membra cruore,
 Exultatque miser fieri ; nam fortiùs illum
 Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
 Servandi miseros fontes ; O nobilis ardor
 Pœnarum ! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
 Durus amor ? Quid non cœlestia ?

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines ; nescio
 quo me proripuit amens Musa ; volui quatuor li-
 neas pedibus astringere, et ecce ! numeri crescunt
 in immensum ; dumque concitato gēnio laxavi
 fræna, verp̃or ne juvenilis impetus theologium læpe-
 rit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad
 me epistola imp̃icantis matrem meliusculè se habere,
 licit ignis febris non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus
 domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidè et crescentes

versus noldere plura, et coarctarunt scriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum à Museo meo[#] Londini, xvto kalend.
Febr. anno Salutis C1D1DCXCIII.

FRATRI, E. W. OLIN NAVIGATURO,

SEPT. 30, 1691.

I FELIX, pede prospero

I frater, trabe pineâ

Sulces æquora cœrula

Pandas carbassæ flatibus

Quæ tutò seditura sint.

Non tē monstra natantis

Ponti carnivoræ incolæ

Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis, tu tibi creditum

Fratrem dimidium mei

Salvum ser per inhospita

Ponti regna, per avios

Tractus, et liquidum chaos.

Nec se forbeat horrida

Syrta, nec scopulus minax

Rampet roborem latus.

Cæpent unius flamma

Antennæ; et Zephyri leves

Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
 Fluctus oceani regis,
 Et sævum Boream domas.
 Da fratri faciles vias,
 Et fratrem reducem suis.

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM DOMINUM JO-
 HANNEM PINHORNE,
 PUDUM ADOLESCENTIÆ MEÆ PRÆCEP-
 TOREM.

Pindarici carminis specimen, 1694.

1.

ET te, Pinhorni, Musa Trifantica
 Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam
 Gratè fateri : nunc Athenas,
 Nunc Latias per amœnitates
 Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
 Te quondam teneros et Ebraia per aspera gressus
 Non durâ duxisse manu.
 Tuo patescunt lumine Thespîi
 Campi atque ad arcem Pieridœon iter :
 En altus surgens Homerus
 Arma doctæque virosque miscens
 Occupat æthereum Parnassi culcem : Homeri
 Immensos supplex manes
 Te, Mare, dulcè canens sylvas, et bella sonantem

Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camenâ ;
 Tuaeque accipias, Thebane vates,
 Debita thura lyræ.
 Vobis, magna Trias! clarissima, nomina semper
 Scrinia nostra patent, et pectora nostra patebunt,
 Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit oïa et horam
 Divina Mosis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipse pudendas
 Deponat veneres: venias, sed* ' purus et insons
 ' Ut te collaudem, dum sordes et mala lustra'
 Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridere. Recise
 Hæc lege accedant Satyræ Juvenalis, amari
 Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset
 Persius, obscurus vates, nisi lumina circum-
 fusa forent, Sphingusque enigmata, Mœnæ, ucidisses.
 Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
 Pompæ Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
 Ordine, et amplexibus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.
 Tutò, poetæ, tutò habitabitis
 Pictor abastos: improba tunc
 Obiit, nec audet sæva castas
 Attingere blatta camænas.
 At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
 Farrago incertum, stercoræ Staphii
 Sentina fetens, Martialis,
 In barathrum relegendus æquum
 Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapies Catullum

Insulæ mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonia ab orâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jesiadæ salvet; potens seu Numinis iras
Fluminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel Citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambalanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
Dignabere, seu lecticæ
Moss recumbentis vigilans ad aurē
Aureos sublevis inire somnos
Sacra sopitis superinfundens ob-
hvia curis,

Stet juxta Casimirus,* huic nec parcius ignea
Natura indulget nec Masa armavit, abalunum
Sarbirium* rudiore lyâ

Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum?

Humana† linquens (en sibi devâ

Mentem recedunt.) *Invocatio*

Spatiat in aëre pennæ,

Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,

Cognatorve thronos et parvam Polam

Visurus consurgis evans,

* M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski poeta, insignis Poloni.

† 2d: II. Od. 2.

Visum fatigas aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum
O non imitabilis alcs.

IV.

Sar bivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Musa, simul totus fervere
Sentio, stellatas levis induor
Alas et tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidere radens vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miseras! Cano,
Et miseras nugas diademata!
Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi subdidit terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Gestit et effrænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo—
—At vos heroes et arma
Et procul este Dii, iudicia numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ possere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut vestris, Dionysæ, Thyrsis?
Et clava, et unguis, et hæc, et Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitiæ patris,
Abstata carmine nostro,

V.

Te, DEUS Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit JESU
Musa, nec assuetæ coelestes harbiton ausû
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen et
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sona-
bunt.

‘ Sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor;
‘ divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En
‘ labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per
‘ inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.

‘ Ignoscas, Reverendi Vir, vano conamini; frag-
‘ men hoc rude licet & impositum æqui boni
‘ consulas, et gratitudinis jam diu debite in partem
‘ reponas.’



VOTUM, SEU VITA IN TERRIS BEATA.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, BARONETTUM, 1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenti divinis, si rogos
Quem mea Musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ser et simplis,
Et similes superis anna agit
‘ Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.’

Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
 Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
 Se Musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentera
 Sol oriens videt et recumbentem:

II.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
 (Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
 Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
 Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
 Nec Gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
 Nec, Tæge, vestra fulgor arenulæ
 Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
 Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O si daretur flamina proprii
 Tractate fusi pollice proprio,
 Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
 Candidus vixit color innocentis
 Fila nativo decoraret albo
 Non Tyriæ vitiata conchâ.
 Non, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
 forent invidiosa meæ.
 triumphis, et sonita tubæ
 transigerem dies:
 læces (splendida vanitas)
 abetate, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa et fremitu molesto
Turba mercantùm ; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis——
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis
Verba ; probi morem et inane sacri !
Nomen amici !

VI.

Tuquæ quæ nostris inimiciâ Musis
Felle sacratum vetas amorem,
Abus ætoprùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer !
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola ?
Nil mihi cum scdis, puer, ignibus ;
Ætheres fervent fœce peccata,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jæsus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædæ vitæ.

TO MRS. SINGER, (AFTERWARDS MRS.
 ROWE.)

ON THE SIGHT OF SOME OF HER DIVINE
 POEMS, NEVER PRINTED.

JULY 19, 1706.

I.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
 I tun'd my harp, nor did celestial themes
 Refuse to dance upon my strings :
 There, beneath th' ev'ning sky,
 I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
 To everlasting things.
 Sudden, from Albion's western coast,
 Harmonious notes come gliding by ;
 The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound ;
 ' 'Tis Philomela's voice,' the neighb'ring shepherds
 At once my strings all silent lie, [cry.
 At once my fainting Muse was lost,
 In the superior sweetness drown'd :
 In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite ;
 My soul retir'd, and left my tongue :
 I was all ear, and Philomela's song
 Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
 My Muse attempt no more : 'twas long ago
 I bid adieu to mortal things,
 To Grecian tales and wars of Rome :

'Twas long ago, I broke all but th' immortal strings :
Now, those immortal strings have no employ;
Since a fair angel dwells below
To tune the notes of heav'n, and propagate the
Let all my pow'rs with awe profound, [Joy:
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise, on her seraphic wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON KING WILLIAM III. OF
GLORIOUS MEMORY, WHO DIED MARCH
8, 1701-2.

B'ENEATH these honors of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies :
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

Preserve, O venerable Pile !
Inviolat thy sacred trust ;
To thy cold arms the British tale,
Weeping commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest-slumberous wait
With sulken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head ;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand ;
Fix his bright ensign on his bed,
The guards and honors of our land.

Ye sister-arts of Paint and Verse
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearth,
And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solemn gold, pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty, in sables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
' William, the scourge of tyrants past,
' And awe of princes yet unborn.'

Sweet Peace his sacred relics keep
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound
While hoary Truth inspires the song ;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her filthy tongue.

Night and the Grave remove your gloom ;
Darkness becomes the vulgar deed ;

But Glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade. . .

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY
PEACOCK.

AN ELEGIAC SONG, SENT IN A LETTER OF
CONDOLENCE TO MR. N. P. MERCHANT
AT AMSTERDAM.

HARK ! she bids all her friends adieu,
Some angel calls her to the spheres,
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,
Thro' liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewell, bright soul ! a short farewell
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves, where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love :

There glory sits on ev'ry face,
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.



O'er all the names of CHRIST our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from ev'ry string
The wonders of His bleeding love.

Come, SOV'REIGN LORD, dear SAVIOUR!

come,

Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour how long it stays!

How long must we lie ling'ring here
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere
And mount the hills of heav'nly light.

Sweet soul! we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy JESUS and thy GOD
Till we from bands of clay releas't
Spring out, and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bottom sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM VIRI VENERABILIS DOM.
N. MATHER.

CARMINE LAPIDARIO CONSCRIPTUM, M.S.

REVERENDI ADMODUM VIRI.

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

Quod mori potuit hic subtus depositum est,

Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,

Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit

Sanctoribus studiis evangelio devotâ,

Et per utramque Angliam celebri,

Americanum sc. atque Europæam.

Ex hinc quoque in sancti ministerii speciem eductus

Non fallacem :

Ex hinc utraque novit Anglia

Doctrinam et docentem.

Corpore fatis præterito, spiritus placidè verendâ ;

At supra corpus et formam sublimè emiauerunt

Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio ;

Supra hæc pietas, et fides, et hæc

Supra pietatis sanctæque

Castæque fidei decus emiauerunt.

Quærit in rebus divinis purganda

Divinus alius mentis speciemus

Præcipuè celsit,

Tantum huiusmodi solutus occulit

Ut

Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;
 Heu quantum tamen fui nos latet !
 Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
 Invito obruit silentio.

Gratiam JESU CHRISTI salutiferam
 Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
 Puram ab humana fæce.

Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
 Et ingens propugnaculum.
 Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce ;
 Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
 Nec deerat ;

Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneps fatit
 Rerum dicendarum Majestas, et DEUS præsens.
 Hinc arma militæ suæ non infelicia,
 Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
 Et hinc victoriæ

Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
 Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
 Akum et salutare vulnus :

Vulnera ipsæ idem tractare leniter solera,
 Et medellam adhibere magis salutarem.
 Ex defuncto cordis fonte

Divinis eloquiis afflatis scatebant labia,
 Etiam in familiari contubernio :
 Spirabat ipse undique coelestes suavitates,
 Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper rectè delibutus,
 Et semper super socios ;

Gratumque dilectissimi illi JESU quædam
 Quinquaverba et lætè diffusa.

Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduum !
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ,
Varis curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ :

Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Pleropheriâ fidei quasi curvum alato vectus
Properè et exultans attigit.

Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 30 Martii 1630.

Inter Nov-Anglos Theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.

Pastorali munere diu Dublini in Hibernia functus,

Tandem (ut semper) Providentiam secutus ducem,

Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses prepositus est,

Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit :

Ah brevi !

Corpore solutus 26 Julii 1691. Ætat. 67.

Ecclesiis morem, theologiæ exemplar reliquit.

Probis piisque omnibus

Infandum sui desiderium :

Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit

Expectans stellam matutinam.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JOHN SHOWER,
ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER MRS.
ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great sorrow was my sense of your loss,
yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of

comfort; your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it, to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was falling upon the dark side of death I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

Dec. 22, 1797,

I. W.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT ON MRS. ANNE
WARNER, WHO DIED OF THE SMALL-
POX, DECEMBER 18, 1707, AT ONE O'-
CLOCK IN THE MORNING, A FEW DAYS
AFTER THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF HER
FIRST CHILD.

AWAKE, my Muse! range the wide world of souls,
And seek Venera fled; with upward aim
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heav'n,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrol
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day,
And Paradise—her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amaranth or cheerful-evergreen
She sits, recounting to her kindred Minds
Angelic, or human, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections, she escap'd
Those deadly snares, when youth and Satan leagu'd
In ~~an~~ ~~intention~~ to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but Heav'n secur'd
The faithful nymph, and taught her victory:
Or does she seek, or has she found her babe,

Amongst the infant nation of the bless'd,
 And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
 The young maternal passion, and absolve
 The unfill'd embrace? ~~Thou~~ happy child!
 That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
 From our dim regions, to th' eternal sun,
 And led the parent's way to glory! there,
 Thou art for ever her's, with pow'rs enlarg'd
 For love reciprocal, and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors, (a pious race)
 Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
 And sing her welcome. She, along their seats
 Gliding, salutes them all with honors due,
 Such as are paid in heav'n; and last, she finds
 A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
 But vacant:—'This,' with sure presage, she cries,
 'Awaits my father, when will he arrive?—
 'How long, alas how long!' then calls her mate,
 'Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares!
 'Die and partake my bliss! we are for ever one.
 Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams
 Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
 Perhaps illusions all! Inform the Muse;
 Chooses she rather to retire apart,
 To recollect her dissipated pow'rs,
 And call her thoughts her own; so lately freed
 From earth's vain scenes, gay sights, gratulations,—
 From Hymen's hastyling and gaudious joys,
 And fears and pangs, seven pangs that wring'd her
 Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells [itself].

In contemplation, with unerring clue—
 Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul!
 O when, shalt thy release from cumb'rous flesh
 Pass the great seal of Heav'n's? what happy hour
 Shall give thy thought a loose to soar and trace
 The intellectual world? divine delight!
 Venera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps, she sings
 To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
 The names, the honors, of her SAVIOUR-GOD.
 His cross, His grave, His victory, and His crown?
 Oh! could I imitate th' angelic voice,
 And mortal ears could bear, what she—

Or, lies she now before th' eternal throne,
 Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
 O'erwhelm'd and self-abatement, at the sight
 Of the uncover'd GODHEAD, face to face?
 Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
 And her's amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
 Nor set with meaner gems; but vain ambition,
 And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
 And pride, for ever banish'd flies the place,—
 Car'd pride,—the dress of hell. Tell me, Urinal
 How her joys brighten, and her golden hour
 Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
 Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd,
 To call my passions and my eyes aside
 From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight;
 I look, and mourn, and gaze, with greedy view
 Of melancholy features; gaze halcyon
 That form, so late desir'd, at last belov'd,

Now loathsome and unlovely. Best disease
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! the imposing taint
O'er spreads the building wrongs, with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust.

' Was this the haunt'ance where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue?—this the face
Where love triumph'd? and Beauty on these cheeks,
As when she look'd beneath her radiant eyes
Mild, serene, —
Reflecting — So sits the sun,
(For ever) — a crimson cloud
Near — with gentle ray
Spies — round the sky, till rising fog,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing,
Lave off the golden star, and sink him down
Oppress'd with darkness.....

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED AND HO-
NOURED RELATIVE, MRS. M. W. JULY 18,
1893.

I.

I KNOW the kindred Mind: 'tis she! 'tis she!
Among the heav'nly forms, I see
The kindred Mind, from fleshly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen,

Groaning and panting on the bed
 With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
 Life on this side, there the dead,
 While the delaying flesh, lay shivering between!

II.

Long did the earthy house restrain
 In toilsome slav'ry, that ethereal spirit;
 Prison'd her round, in walls of pain,
 And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;
 Till, by the weight of numerous days oppress'd,
 The earthy house began to melt;
 The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
 The captive soul became her own again;
 Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
 A tedious strain of fourscore years,
 The pris'ner smil'd to be releas'd,
 She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

III.

Gaze on my soul, and let a perfect view,
 Paint her idea all anew;
 Raze out those melancholly shapes of woe
 That hang around thy mem'ry, and becloud it so:
 Come, Fancy! come, with sentences refin'd,—
 With youthful green, and spotless white;
 Deep be the tincture and the colors bright,
 To express the beauties of a naked mind.
 Provide no gloom to form a shade:
 All things above of vary'd light are made,
 Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid;
 But if the features too divine!

Beyond the pow'r of fancy shine,
Conceal th' imitable strokes behind a graceful
shrine.

AV.

Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet ;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree ;
Observe how near it stands to the **ALMIGHTY**
seat.

Paint the new graces of her eyes ;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet ;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.

v.

The painter-Muse, with glancing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh,
That death had long disjoin'd :

* My grandfather, Mr Thomas Watts, had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, poetry, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries.—He was commander of a ship of war 1695, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war, he was drowned in his youth.

‘ In the fair tablet they shall stand
 ‘ United by a happier band,’
 She said, and fix’d her sight, and drew the manly
 mind.

Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round !)
 Since he was seen on earth no more ;
 He fought in lower seas, and drown’d,—
 But victory and peace he found
 On the superior shore :
 There, now his tuneful breath in sacred songs,
 Employs the European, and the Eastern tongues.
 Let the awful truncheon and the flute,
 The pencil and the well-known lute,—
 Pow’rful numbers, charming wit,
 And ev’ry art and science meet,
 And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them
 at his feet.

VI.

‘Tis done : what beams of glory fall
 (Rich varnish of immortal art)
 To gild the bright original !
 ‘Tis done ; the Muse has now perform’d her part.
 Bring down the piece Urania from above,
 And let my honor, and my love,
 Dress it with chains of gold, to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM ON THE DEATH OF
THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ. PRESENTED TO
THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ABNEY,
LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.

MADAM,

JULY 1701.

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have labored after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow ; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed, to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse, but the importunity was not to be resisted ; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me 'ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington, nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your Ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turn of mourning to my thoughts ; for I pursue no other topics of elegy, than what my passion and my genius led me on.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other; it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects, divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure, and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there, without a limit; I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now, if the critics laugh at the folly of the Muse, for taking too much notice of the golden ball,—let them consider, that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person, still gave some fresh and doleful reflections; and I transcribe nature without art, and represent Friendship in a mourning dress, adorned with deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming true unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, written, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and others have taken occasion to call mankind to attention aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss; but I

wrote, merely for myself, as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints: I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself, for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps, your Ladyship will expect some divine thoughts, and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is. Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had' composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief, purely natural, for a death so surprising, that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your Ladyship requires a copy of it;—but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love, and tears, at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honor that I bore him; all which, as your Ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit, and by succession, is now humbly offered by

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most hearty,

and obedient servant,

A. WATTS.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY HONORED
FRIEND THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died Nov. 11, 1702, when he had just finished his seat at
Newington.

O f blasted hopes, and of short with'ring joys,
Sing heav'nly Muse; try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers, and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the gen'rous, and the young,
Gunston the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,—
All a vain thought! our soaring fancies rise
On treach'rous wings, and hopes, that touch the
skies,

Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy, still deeper, in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd, and prepar'd,
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while num'rous years
Circling, delightful play'd around the spheres,
Revolving years should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unusual
length:

But hasty Fate, thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene:
Thus airy pleasures dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise

T' allure our souls, till, just within our arms,
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Fly quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the
night.—

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair fabric, that thy dying friend
Built nameless ! 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings. 30

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting ! there a num'rous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish and long ages run,—
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun ;
Not time itself should waste the bless'd estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are !—the founder, dies
Childless ; his sisters weep, and close his eyes,—
And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing
cries :

Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on ev'ry plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,—
His country's sacred tears, well watering all the
way.

See the dull wheels roll on the sable road,
But no dear son to attend the mournful load.

And fondly kind, drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear. 50

Oh! had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say
' This was my father's,' with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend ; but awful Fate,
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting, as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers?—must some unknown
name

Possess these rooms, the labors of my friend ?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end ? 60
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay ?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away ?
Muse !—view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colors in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades, wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece !
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,—
And solid shades, unmingled, round his bed
Stand hideous ; earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapors glide along his face, 71
Rising perpetual. Muse ! forsake the place,
Fly the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his tiry specious hall, and say
' How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
' Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave !'

Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns, —
 And ev'ry door grows doleful as it turns ;
 The pillars languish, and each lofty wall
 Stately in grief, laments the master's fall ; 80
 In drops of briny dew, the fabric bears
 His faint resemblance, and renews my tears :
 Solid and square it rises from below ;
 A noble air, without a gaudy show,
 Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole, —
 Manly and plain : such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
 That dear memorial of the best-lov'd name !
 Then could I wish for some prodigious cave,
 Vast as his seat and silent as his grave, 90
 Where the tall shades stretch to the hill-top roof,
 Forbid the day and guard the sun-beams off ;
 Thither my willing feet should ye be drawn
 At the gray twilight, and the early dawn, —
 There sweetly end, should my soft minutes roll
 Num'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
 But these are airy thoughts ; substantial grief
 Grows by those objects that should yield relief :
 Fond of my woes I leave my eyes around,
 My grief from ev'ry prospect courts a wound, 100
 Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
 Still my heart sinks and still my cares arise ;
 My wand'ring feet found the fair mountain rove,
 And there, to sooth my sorrows, I indulg'd my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Culver by ;
 And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye

To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear :
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh
between. 110

Two days ago, we took the evening air,
I and my grief and my Urania there ;
Say, my Urania ! how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of
day :—

Thus, the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again ; but endless night 120
Reigns unconquell'd, where the dear Gunston lies ;
He's set for ever, and must never rise.

Then why these smiles,—unseasonable star !
These lightsome smiles, descending from afar
To greet a mourning house ? in vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding th' evening and the morning hours ;
In vain it braves them, while vast agonies
And hollow silence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face. 131
Her morning's wheels will on, without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly Bears will round, and watch
the pole.

See ! while I speak, high on her sable wheel,
 Old night advancing, plumbs the eastern hill ;
 Troops of dark clouds prepare her way ; behold,
 How their brown pinions, g'd with ev'ning gold,
 Spread shadowing o'er the house and glide away,
 Slowly pursuing the declining day : 140
 O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
 Thus days before, they did, — and days to come,
 they will ;

But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
 Hangs there unmoveable and nettle flies :

Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone ;
 Ah, fraillets speak ! how are his curtains drawn }
 For a long ev'ning, that despairs the dawn ! }

Muse ! view the turret : just beneath the skies
 Lethsome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
 As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat ! 150
 Sacred to friendship ! O divine retreat !
 Here did I hope my happy hours employ,
 And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
 When weary of the noisy Town, my friend
 From mortal cares retiring, should descend
 And lead me thither. We alone would sit,
 Free and secure of all intruding feet,
 Our thoughts should stretch their lofty wings
 and rise,

Not bound their soarings by the tower sides,
 Our tongues should aim at everlasting truths, 155
 And speak what mortals dare of all the gods

Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats,
 Built high in heav'n for souls: we'd trace the streets
 Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
 And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains
 yield;

Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
 And walk right upwards to that bless'd abode;
 We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
 There hand in hand approach th' almighty seat,
 And bend our heads adoring at our MAKER'S
 feet. 170

Thus should we mount on bold adventures wings
 In high discourse and dwell on heav'nly things,
 While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession
 move,

And minutes measur'd, as they are above
 By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Alas our thoughts should leave their lofty flight,
 Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,—
 A large round prospect, of the spreading plain,
 The wealthy river and his winding train,
 The smoky city and the busy stream. 180

How we should smile, to see the wretched worms
 Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
 Of painted honors, dreams of empty gold,
 Till Envy, and about a secret wound
 As swelling Glee!—strait the bubble breaks,
 And the stream gushes as the mass over;
 Then the tall staves, insolent and proud,
 Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing, still vain and wild,
 Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child; 196
 His hurrying lusts, still break the sacred bound,
 To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
 And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool!
 For a short dying joy, to sell a deathless soul!—
 'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
 And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe, toil in a different strife,
 And banish all the lawful sweets of life
 To sweat and dig for gold,—to hoard the ore,—
 Hide the dear dust yet darker than before, 200
 And never dare to use a grain of all the store.
 Happy the man! that knows the value just
 Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust;
 'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
 To favorite souls: then happy thou my friend!
 For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
 The wealth that Heav'n bestow'd with liberal hand;
 Hence this fair structure rose, and hence thine seat
 Made to invite my not unwilling feet;
 In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet 210
 And smile, and love; and bless, each other here;
 The angry tomb forbids thy face to appear,
 Detains thee, Gungton! from my longing eyes,
 And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gungton
 lies.

Come higher all ye vent'rous souls, that climb
 The heights of business and the depths of crime;

Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
 Untimely murder'd, with a ghastly wound :—
 Ye frightened nymphs, who on the bridal bed,
 Clasp'd in your arms your lovers, cold and dead ;
 Come in the pomp of all your wild despair, 221
 With flowing eyelids and disorder'd hair,—
 Death in your looks, come mingle grief with me,
 And drown your little streams in my unbounded
 sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,—
 Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
 Beyond all Nature's ties, you that have known
 Two happy souls made intimately one,
 And felt a paring stroke, 'tis you must tell
 The smart, the twinges, and the racks, I feel : 220
 This soul effraining, that dreadful wound has borne,
 Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
 The rest lies bleeding,—and has lives to mounth. }
 Oh, infinite distress ! such raging grief
 Should command pity and despair relief :
 Passion methinks should rise from all my veins,
 Give me to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods, and echoing hills, ground
 Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound ;
 Be all ye flow'ry vales upbraid me of my pain, 225
 And all ye murm'ring streams declare your turn ;
 Alas ! your bank is dead : the humble plain
 More soft than his countenance lies again :
 Mourn ye — smiling meadows, and the scar
 In — — — — — of youthful green,

And bid the brook that still runs warbling by
 Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
 Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
 And mourning turtles murmur o'er his tomb;
 The oak shall wither, and the curling vine 250
 Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
 Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul
 with mine.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mown,
 Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn;
 Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears;
 Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
 Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
 Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
 To show your sorrows: often ye have seen
 Our heads totter'd upon the rising green; 260
 Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
 Long friendship reight with an unbounded way;
 Hither our souls their constant wings brought
 The business of the breast and labors of the
 thought:

Our opening bosoms, on the celestial ground,
 Spread all the stupors and the joys we found;
 And mingled every care; nor was it known
 Which of the pains and pleasures from our throats
 Then with an equal hand, and heavenly power
 We share the bliss, yet ~~the bliss~~ ^{the bliss}
 And all the pains that there, ~~the pains~~ ^{the pains}
 73 ~~the pains~~ ^{the pains}

There was a long row of tall elms then standing, before
 over the lower garden was made

By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear, and ease, by turns, the sympathy of pain.

Friendship ! mysterious thing, what magic pow'r
Support thy sway and charm these minds of ours !
Round to thy foot we boast our birth-right still,
And dream of freedom when we 'ave lost our will
And chang'd away our souls : at thy command
We snatch new mis'ries from a foreign hand
To call them ours, and thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear-self, that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throe,
Heaps on poor mortals, sorrows not their own,
As though our mother, Nature, could no more
Find succour sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares and lengthens out
the store ;

Yet we are fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the outrageous hand when Death dis-
solves the chain.

Virtue ! forgive the thought ; the raving Muse,
Wild and ungovern'd, knows not what she does,
Grope mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy vot'ress too, and at thy shrine
O sacred Friendship ! offer'd songs divine
While Grief and Sorrow both our souls were
sharing.

Here to their shades, at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,

Partners in bliss : sweet lux'ry of the mind
 And sweet the aids of sense ! each ruder wind
 Slept in its caverns, while an ev'ning breeze 301
 Fann'd the leaves gently stirring through the trees ;
 The linnets and the lark their vespers sung,
 And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung,
 The slow-declining sun with sloping wheels
 Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn ye young gardens ; ye unfinish'd gates,
 Ye green enclosures and ye growing sweets
 Lament,—for ye our midnight hours have known,
 And watch'd us walking by the silent moon 310
 In conference divine, while heav'nly fire
 Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
 With joys almost immortal ; then our soul
 Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
 And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
 Threw both our arms round one another's souls
 In rapture and embraces. Oh, forbear,
 Forbear, my song ! this is too much to hear,
 Too dreadful to repeat, such joys as these
 Fled from the earth from ever— 320

Oh for a gen'ral grief ! let all things share
 Our woes, that knew our loves ; the night'sing

Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
 And tell the gales that ev'ry breath that flies
 Over these fields should murmur and ————
 And kiss the fading grass and perfume the pen-

Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
 For ever weep; this is an endless wound
 Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
 His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
 At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
 And I no more must hear the charming voice.
 Woe to my drooping soul! that heav'nly breath
 That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death,
 While on his fold'd lips, all cold and pale,
 Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
 Once more at least, one gentle word, and then
 Gunston aloud I call: in vain I try
 Gunston aloud, for he must ne'er reply: 840
 In vain I mourn and drop these fun'ral tears:
 Death and the grave have neither eye nor ears.
 Wand'ring, I tune my sorrows to the groves,
 And vent my swelling griefs and tell the wilds
 our loves,
 While the dear youth sleeps fast and hears them
 not

He hath forgot me; in the loneliness of
 Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
 Dead and

But whether can I find this wretched grief
 Flatters the Muse, or dignifies and self 850
 To all the silver notes, and
 From the soft lute to the bright string ground

The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
 In these sweet fields, reviving on my taste,
 Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste. }
 Spread thy strong pinions once again my song,
 And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
 O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
 Long waiting our converse; but only hears
 The noisy tumults of the realms on high; 360
 The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
 Or jarring round the windows rattling show'rs
 Lash the fair sides; above loud thunder roars;
 But sullen the master sleeps, nor hears the voice
 Of sacred friendship nor the tempest's noise:
 An iron slumber sits on ev'ry sense;
 In vain the heav'nly thunders strive to rouse it
 thence.

One labor more, my Muse, the golden sphere
 Seems to demand: see through the dusky air
 Downward it shines upon the rising moon; 370
 And as she labors up to reach her noon,
 Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
 And streaming gold repays the peler beams of
 night:

But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
 Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
 Where Gungahon dwells in death. Behold it shone,
 Like some new sun with diffusive beams
 Through the mid hea'ns, and quivered the sun;
 'So shines thy Gungahon's soul above the
 'sphere.'—
 Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears. 380 }

' We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
 ' We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies! he dies!
 ' Mistaken grief! to call the flesh thy friend!—
 ' On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend;
 ' All heav'n embrac'd him with immortal love,
 ' And sung his welcome to the courts above;
 ' Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
 ' The buildings struck him with immense surpris,
 ' The spires all radiant and the mansions bright,
 ' The roof high vaulted with ethereal light; 390
 ' Beauty and strength, on the tall bulwarks sat.
 ' In heav'nly diamond, and for ev'ry gate
 ' On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
 ' Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
 ' Millions of glories reign through ev'ry part;
 ' Infinite pow'r and uncreated art
 ' Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
 ' How it outshines the noblest seats below:
 ' The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs a while
 ' Transported,—then, with a regardless smile, 400
 ' Glanc'd his eye downward through the crystal
 ' floor,
 ' And took eternal leave of what he built before;
 ' Now, fair Urtin! leave the hateful strain;
 ' Raphael commands, awhile thy joys again:
 ' In everlasting numbers sing, and say
 ' Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realm
 ' of thy,
 ' Gunston the friend lives still, and give thy
 ' groans away.'

AN ELEGY ON MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALBET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

THE subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections: scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honors to the venerable dead, and by the address acknowledge the favors she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

J. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. MR. THOS.
GOUGE, WHO DIED JAN. 8. 1699—1700.

I.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates not to flow,*
Could Sam's ruin so divinely paint
Array'd in beauty and in woe,—
Awake, ye virgin souls! to mourn,
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's
urn.

* Psal. cxxvii. Lam. i. 2. 3.

O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas and teach the skies
Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies,
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and
tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath :
He came commission'd for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates :
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim and brought great Gouge
to dust.

III.

Great Gouge to dust ! how doleful is the sound !
How vast the stroke is, and how wide the wound !
Oh painful stroke, distressing death !
A wound immeasurably wide ;
No vulgar mortal dy'd,
When he resign'd his breath.
The Muse that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,

And in deep sounding numbers tell
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak and England poor :
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The rev'rend man let all things mourn :
Sure he was some ethereal mind
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of th' angelic frame ;
The same ingredients and the mould the same
When the CREATOR makes a minister of flame.
He was all form'd of heav'nly things ;
Mortals ! believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up through the ocean of the sky
Tow'rd the celestial coast !
With what amazing swiftness soar
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost !
Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight ;
But angels, you can tell,
For oft' you met his wondrous flight
And knew the stranger well ;
Say—how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,

And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden
And walk'd among the stars. [stars,

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong wing'd faith, and on the fiery
Of an immortal love. [wheels
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft' the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base, that bears
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of GOD he saw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of His pow'r and glories of His grace :
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel and the fiery law
In that majestic face ;
That face, did all his gazing pow'rs employ !
With most profound abasement, and exalted joy.
~~The rolls of fate were laid before him ;~~
He stood adoring by,
The volumes open'd to his eye,
~~And there, he saw the~~
With all his shining ki- the sky.

VII.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
 Tell how his name was through the palace known,
 How warm his zeal was, and how like your own.
 Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
 And bold blasphemers shrink and fear.*
 Impudent tongues! to blast a Prophet's name!
 The poison sure was fetched from hell,
 Where the old blasphemers dwell,
 To taint the purest dust and blot the whitest fame.
 Impudent tongues! you should be darted through,
 Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
 Useless and dead till Slander die,
 Till Slander die with you.

VIII.

'We saw him,' say the ethereal throng,
 'We saw his warm devotions rise,
 'We heard the fervor of his cries,
 'And mix'd his praises with our song;
 'We knew the secret flight of his retiring hours,
 'Nightly he wak'd his inward pow'rs;
 'Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
 'And with unconquer'd force seal'd the celestial
 'law;
 'To reach the blessing down for those that sought
 'his blood.
 'Oft we beheld the Thunder's hand
 'Though he was to give the gift he was he did not stop
 course.

' Rais'd high to crush the factious foe,
 ' As oft' we saw the rolling Vengeance stand,
 ' Doubtful if obey the dread command,
 ' While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling
 ' blow.'

IX.

Draw the past scenes of thy delight
 My Muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight ;
 Place him surrounded as he stood
 With pious crowds, while from his tongue
 A stream of harmony run soft along,
 And ev'ry ear drunk in the flowing good :
 Softly it sun its silver way,
 Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong,
 Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
 Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
 Divinely sell'd promiscuous on the torrent flood,
 And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts
 and souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there,
 No more return to breathe this grosser air,
 This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care !

X.

But heav'nly scenes soon leave the sight
 While we belong to clay,
 Passions of terror and delight
 Demand alternate sway.
 Behold the man, whose awful voice,

Could well proclaim the fiery law,
 Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
 And swell the trumpet's warlike noise;
 He stands, the herald of the throning skies;—
 Lo! on his rev'rend brow, the frowns divinely
 rise,
 All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning
 in his eyes!
 Round the high roof the curses flow,
 Distinguishing each guilty head,
 Far from th' unequal war the Atheist fled,
 His kindled arrows still pursuing,
 His arrows strike the Atheist through,
 And o'er his inmost bow's a shudd'ring horror
 spread.
 The marble heart quakes with an inward wound;
 Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
 Strick out, amaz'd at the aw'ful things they see!
 And dread the echoes of the sound:
 The lofty wretch can't end stray'd
 In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious head,
 Plunges in dark despair and mingles with the dead.

X2.

Now Muse assume a softer strain,
 Now sooth the sinner's raging spirit,
 Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
 To calm the surging conscience, and atone the
 He from a blinding ~~BLIND~~ ^{GLAD} deliver ^{Latin}
 Life for the souls that guilt had slain,

And straight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again.
The op'ning skies almost obey
His pow'ful song; a heav'nly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful
day.

His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
To make the SAVIOUR known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all His labors and His loves,
The anguish of His cross and triumphs of His
throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celestial sorrow's sign,
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words, he sang the vital blood,
Where all our sins were drown'd
Words fit to bind and fit to wound,
Sharp as the spear and balmy as the blood.
In his discourse divine;
Afresh the purple fountain flows
Our falling tears

And trickled to the ground,
 While ev'ry accent gave a doleful sound,
 Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring
GOD.

XIII.

Down to the mansions of the dead
 With trembling joy are souls are led,
 The captives of his tongue;
 There the dear **PRINCE** of **LIGHT** reclines his
 Darkness and shades among; [head
 With pleasing horror we survey
 The caverns of the tomb,
 Where the belov'd **RÉDEEMER** lay,
 And shed a sweet perfume.
 Hark, the old earthquake roars again
 In GONGE's voice, and breaks the chain,
 Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
 The rising **GOD**! He comes! He comes!
 With throngs of waking spirits, a long triumphant
 train!

XIV.

See! the bright squadrons of the sky,
 Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
 Meet their returning **SOV'REIGN** and attend
 Him high,
 A shining car the Conqueror fills
 Form'd of a golden cloud,—
 Slowly the pomp moves up the dark hills,
 Old Satan scowls and yells aloud,

And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels :

The op'ning gates of bliss receive their King,
The FATHER-GOD smiles on His SON,
Pays Him the honors He has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold Him on His native throne,
Glory sits fast upon His head ;
Dress'd in new light and beauty robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons and the shining
globes,
And sways the living world and regions of the
dead.

XV.

Gouge was His envoy to the realm below ;
Vast was his trust and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal.
His hallow'd tips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command ;
He knew the pity of IMANUEL's heart
And terrors of JEHOVAH's hand.
How did our souls start out to hear
The embassies of love he bore,
While ev'ry ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue !
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound ;

Attention stood with all her pow'rs,
 With fixed eyes and awe profound,
 Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
 Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But O my everlasting grief!
 Heav'n has recall'd His envoy from our eyes,
 Hence deluges of sorrows rise,
 Nor hope th' impossible relief.
 Ye remnants of the sacred tribe
 Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
 And mix your groans with mine.
 Where is the tongue that can describe
 Infinite things with equal heart
 Or language so divine?
 Our passions want the heav'nly flame,
 Almighty love breathes faintly in our songs,
 And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues.
 Howe is a great, but single name,
 Amidst the crowd he stands alone,
 Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
 Dress'd for the flight and ready to be gone.
 ETERNAL GOD! command his stay,
 Stretch the dear months of his delay;
 O we could wish his age were one immortal
 day!
 But when the flaming chariot's come,
 And shining guards t' attend thy Prophet home,—

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GOUGE. 167

**Amidst a thousand weeping eyes
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe and take us to the
skies.**

END OF VOL. II.

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